



52 PAGES OF ADVENTURE COMICS

APRIL No. 6

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JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

In This Issue:
**RIDERS OF
RATTLESNAKE
RANGE!**

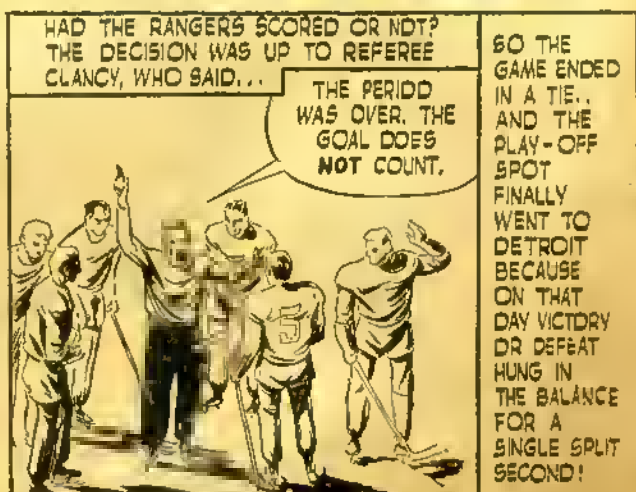
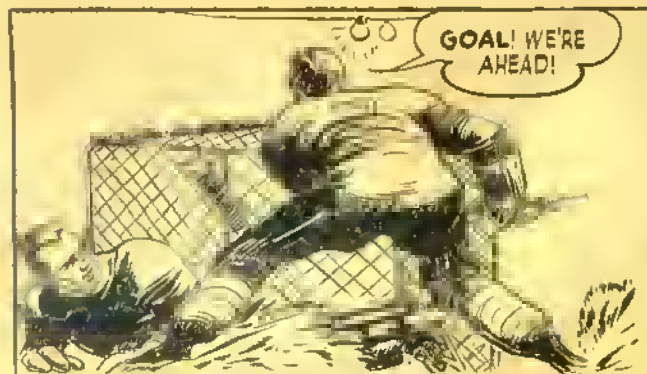


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FAMOUS SPLIT SECONDS IN SPORTS!

The Hockey season of 1946-47 saw New York's Rangers and Detroit's Red Wings in a dogfight for the play-off spot. And whenever these embattled outfits tangled, the script called for fireworks on ice!

Came the last week of December, and a crucial game between the two teams at Madison Square Garden. With the score tied during the last few seconds of the second period, a Ranger forward took a pass and . . .



SO THE GAME ENDED IN A TIE.. AND THE PLAY-OFF SPOT FINALLY WENT TO DETROIT BECAUSE ON THAT DAY VICTORY OR DEFEAT HUNG IN THE BALANCE FOR A SINGLE SPLIT SECOND!

JACK ARMSTRONG

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RALPH O. ELLSWORTH

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A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

THE CURSE OF THE EMERALD SCARAB

BURIED AMONG THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION IS THE FABULOUS JEWEL KNOWN AS THE EMERALD SCARAB. ALTHOUGH THIS BEETLE-SHAPED GEM CARRIES A CURSE OF DEATH AGAINST ANYONE WHO REMOVES IT FROM THE TOMB OF ITS OWNER, JACK AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE JOINED DR. SPEARS, AN AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGIST, IN HIS ATTEMPT TO FIND THE WADZESS GUT RAIL JEWEL...

HAVING ANY LUCK, JACK?

TELL YOU IN A MINUTE, UNCLE JIM. WE'VE GOT SOME SORT OF A TABLET HERE THAT MAY —

LOOK, JACK! A PICTURE OF A GREEN BEETLE —

AND AN INSCRIPTION — SIGNED BY THE PHARAOH WHO OWNED THE EMERALD SCARAB!

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THE TUNNEL. ALI, HERE, HAS OFFERED TO GUIDE US.

OKAY, UNCLE JIM... UMMM... THIS INSCRIPTION IS IN CODE...

LOOKS LIKE THE PHARAOH'S LAUNDRY LIST, TO ME!



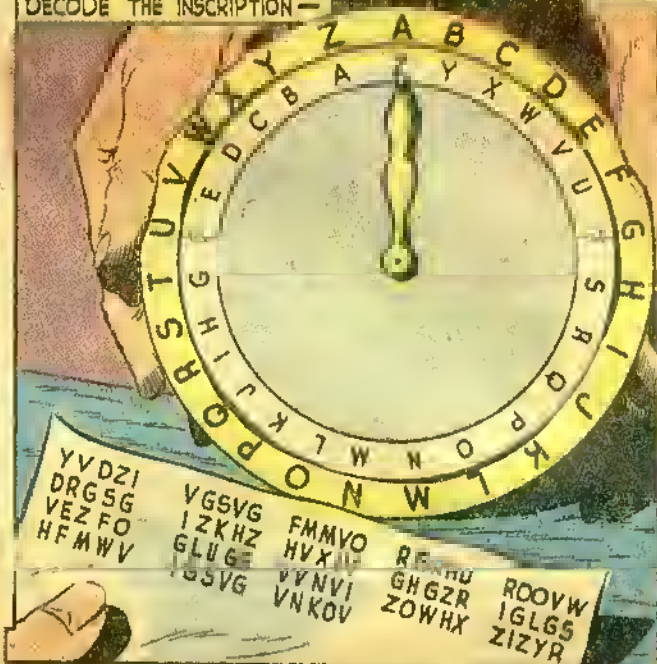
WHILE UNCLE JIM, BETTY AND DR. SPEARS SEARCH THE ANCIENT TUNNEL, JACK PORES OVER THE SECRET CIPHER, FINALLY —

I'VE GOT IT! IT'S SIMPLE REVERSE-ALPHABET CIPHER! WHERE'S THE CIPHER WHEEL, BILLY?

COMING UP!

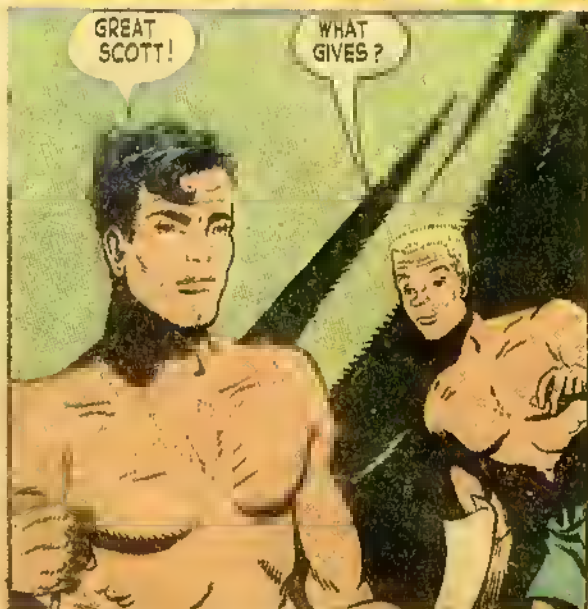


SETTING THE WHEEL IN POSITION, JACK BEGINS TO DECODE THE INSCRIPTION —



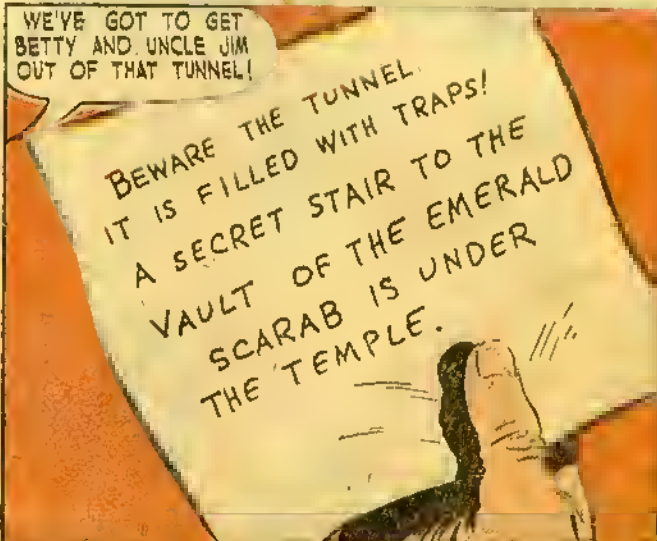
GREAT SCOTT!

WHAT GIVES?



WE'VE GOT TO GET BETTY AND UNCLE JIM OUT OF THAT TUNNEL!

BEWARE THE TUNNEL. IT IS FILLED WITH TRAPS! A SECRET STAIR TO THE VAULT OF THE EMERALD SCARAB IS UNDER THE TEMPLE.



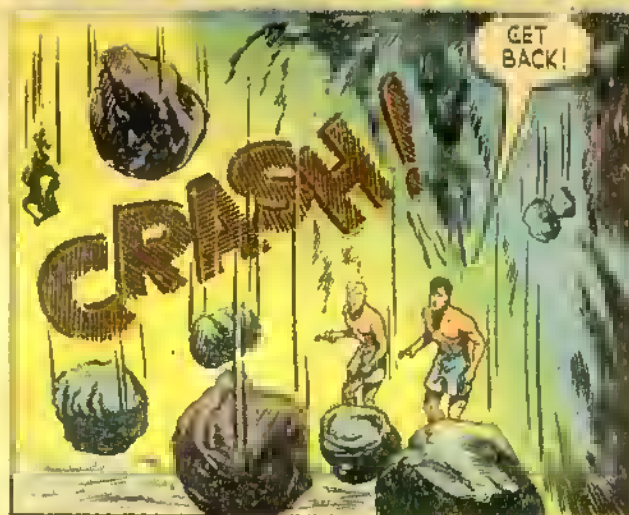


I FIGURED THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT GUIDE, ALI.

HE HAS A POLICE RECORD—BUT UNCLE JIM SAID HE WAS REFORMED AND THOROUGHLY TRUST-WORTHY.

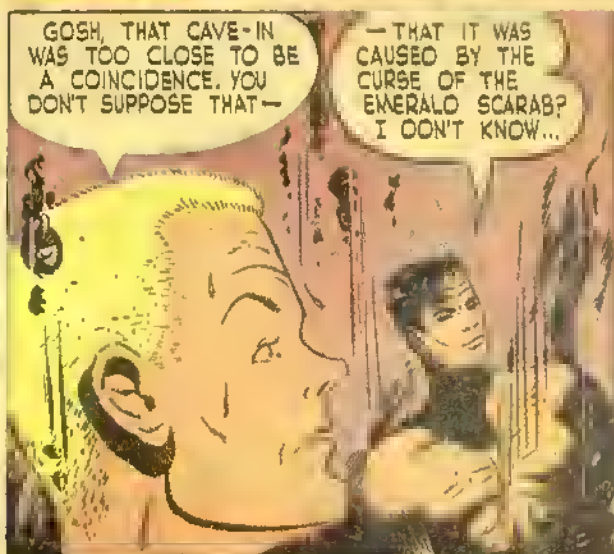


WATCH YOUR STEP, BILLY, THE WHOLE PLACE IS PROBABLY BOOBY-TRAPPED.



GET BACK!

CRASH!



GOSH, THAT CAVE-IN WAS TOO CLOSE TO BE A COINCIDENCE. YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT—

—THAT IT WAS CAUSED BY THE CURSE OF THE EMERALD SCARAB? I DON'T KNOW...



W—WHAT'S THAT?

A STONE IDOL... WE'RE IN THE TEMPLE...



UNDERGROUND STAIRS!

YES—THE CIPHER WAS RIGHT...THESE STAIRS MUST LEAD DIRECTLY TO THE VAULT OF THE EMERALD SCARAB!

MEANWHILE, DEEP INSIDE THE TUNNEL, BETTY AND UNCLE JIM, TOGETHER WITH DR. SPEARS AND THEIR GUIDE, ALI, ARE SEARCHING VAINLY FOR THE EVIL JEWEL...



SUDDENLY—

UNCLE JIM! THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED! DR. SPEARS
AND ALI HAVE
DISAPPEARED!



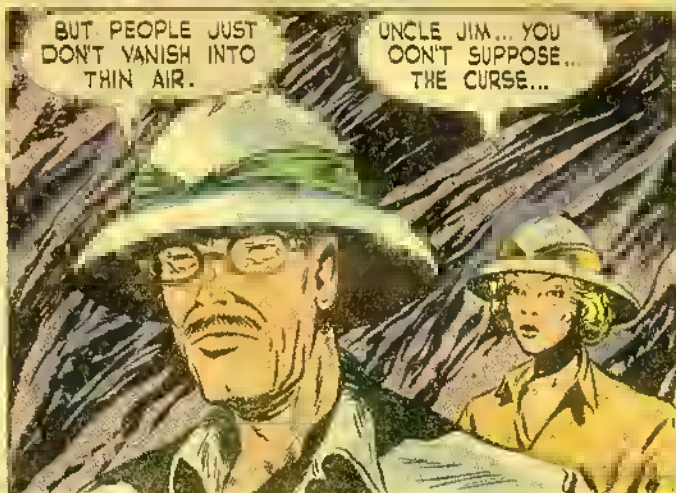
BUT THEY WERE
HERE A MOMENT
AGO—

I KNOW—
THEY'VE JUST
V-VANISHED!

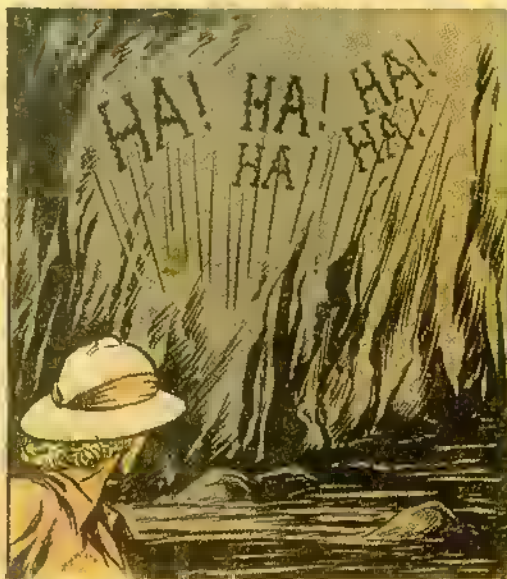


BUT PEOPLE JUST
DON'T VANISH INTO
THIN AIR.

UNCLE JIM... YOU
DON'T SUPPOSE...
THE CURSE...

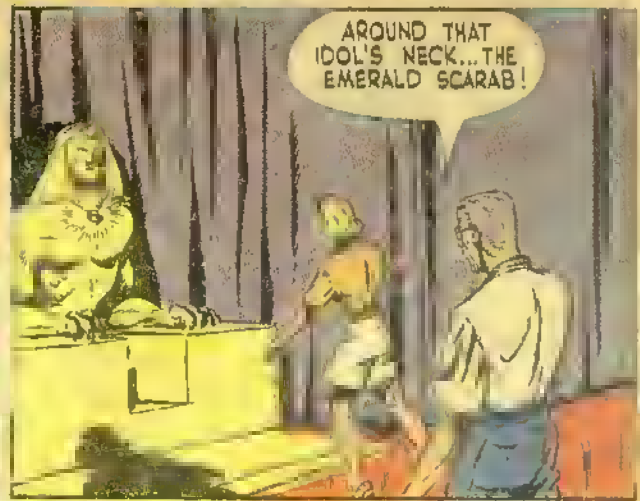
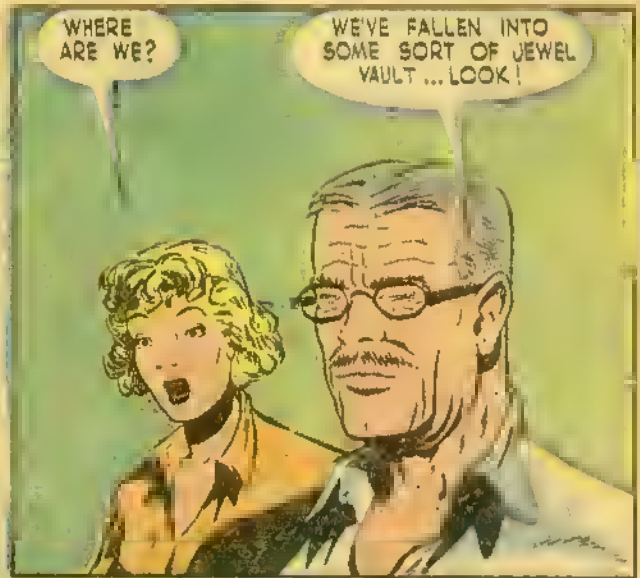


THE FLOOR OF THE TUNNEL TREMBLES VIOLENTLY AND—

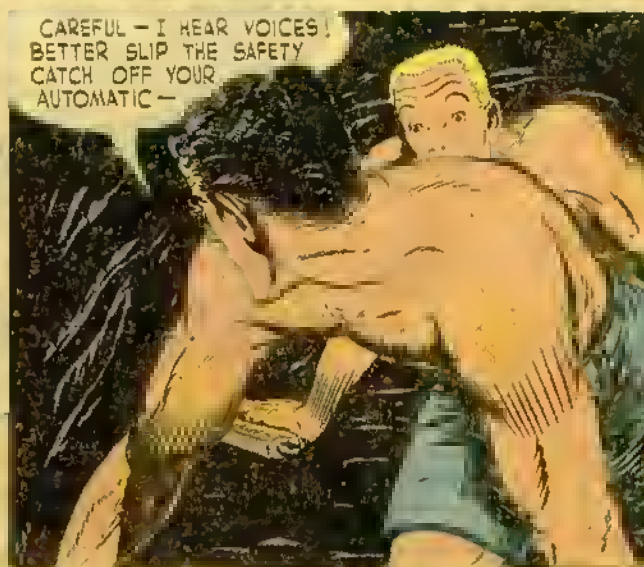


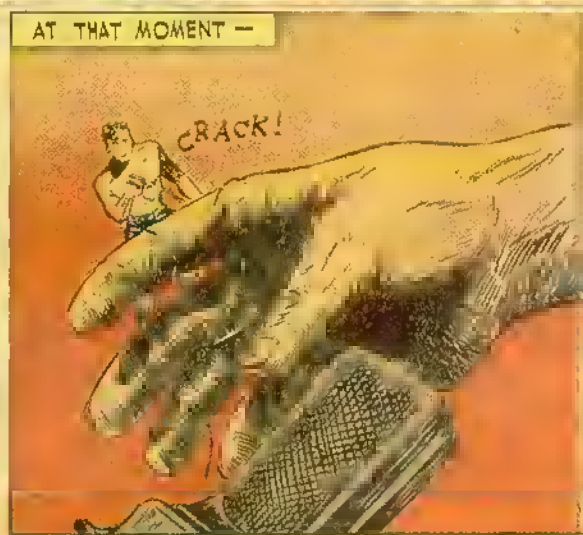
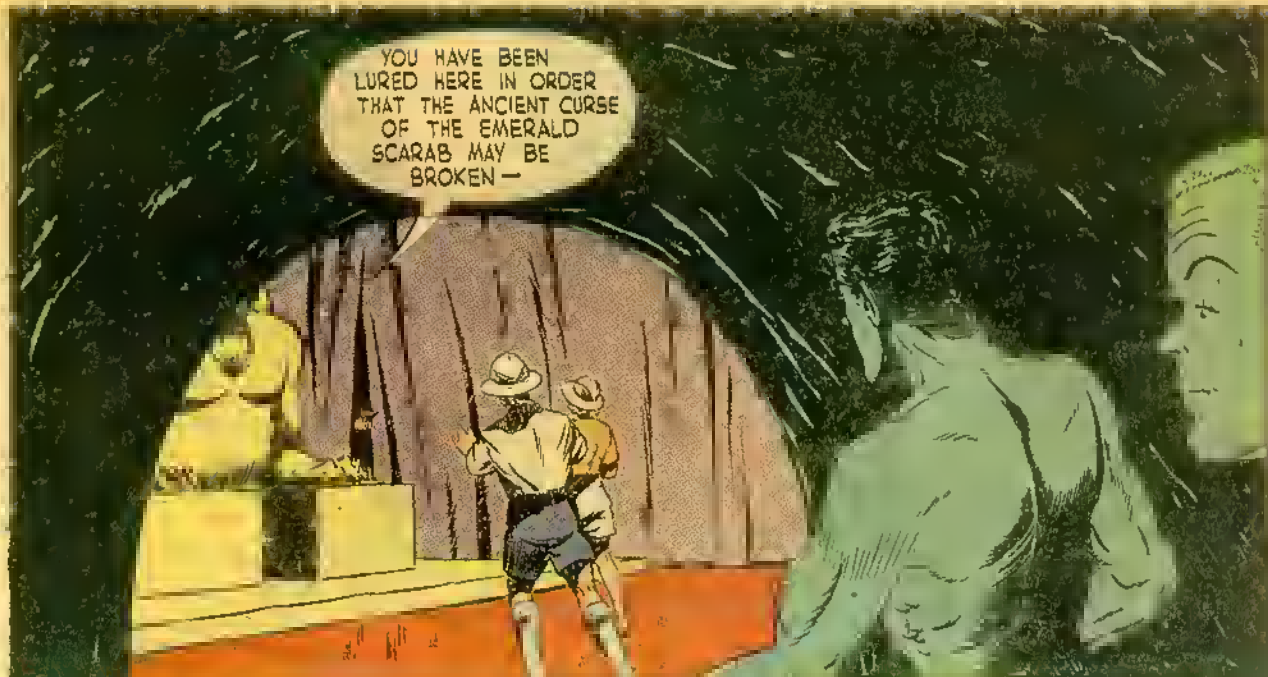
HELP!





MEANWHILE, HAVING SEARCHED THE TUNNEL WITHOUT SUCCESS, JACK AND BILLY RETURN TO THE SECRET STAIR BENEATH THE TEMPLE...







IT'S
ALI!

BEHIND THE
CURTAIN!



PING

JACK LEAPS BEHIND THE CURTAIN AND FINDS—

DR. SPEARS!



THIS BLASTED REVOLVER
...IT JAMMED AFTER THE
FIRST SHOT...OR I'D
HAVE KILLED ALL
OF YOU!

YOU OWE US
AN EXPLANATION,
DOCTOR.

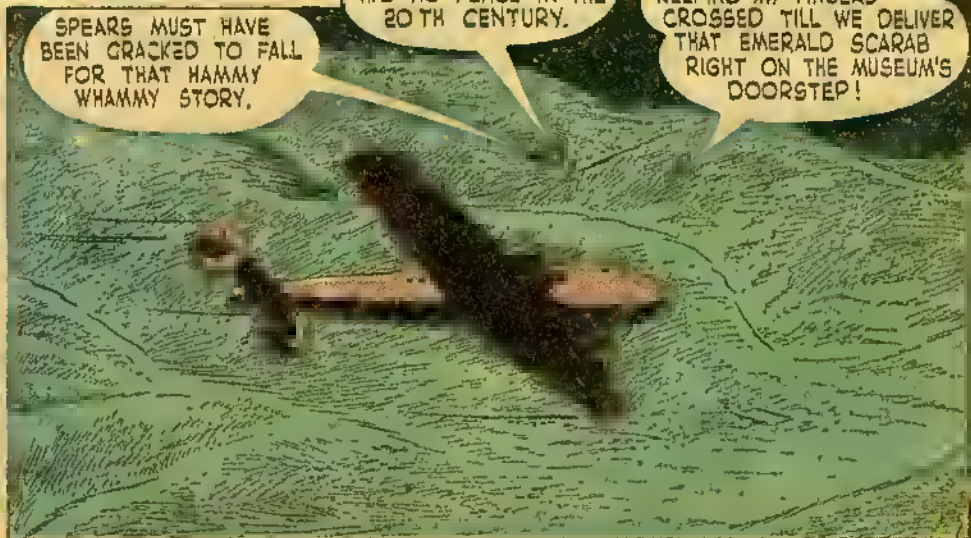
LET ME
EXPLAIN,
MISTER—



YES—SUPERSTITION
HAS NO PLACE IN THE
20TH CENTURY.

JUST THE SAME, I'M
KEEPING MY FINGERS
CROSSED TILL WE DELIVER
THAT EMERALD SCARAB
RIGHT ON THE MUSEUM'S
DOORSTEP!

SPEARS MUST HAVE
BEEN CRACKED TO FALL
FOR THAT HAMMY
WHAMMY STORY.



JACK LISTENS,
DUMFONDED, AS
ALI REVEALS THAT
DR. SPEARS BLACK-
MAILED HIM INTO
LURING VICTIMS
INTO THE VAULT—
SO THAT THE
SCARAB'S CURSE
WOULD BE BROKEN
AND SPEARS
COULD POSSESS
THE PRICELESS
GEM WITHOUT
FEAR OF THE
ANCIENT JINX!

HOME RUN TWINS

NATIONAL LEAGUE BASEBALL FANS WERE TREATED LAST SEASON TO A THRILLING BATTLE FOR THE LEAGUE'S HOME-RUN CHAMPIONSHIP WHEN JOHNNY MIZE AND RALPH KINER SOCKED 51 ROUND-TRIPPERS APIECE...DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO BABE RUTH'S ALL-TIME HIGH OF 60.

RALPH KINER

JOHNNY MIZE

PITTSBURGH PIRATES' OUTFIELDER, WHO IS BEGINNING HIS THIRD SEASON IN THE MAJORS. IN HIS FRESHMAN YEAR, BIG RALPH LED THE LEAGUE IN HOMERS WITH 23. LAST YEAR HE TIED MIZE—AND THIS YEAR RALPH'S FANS ARE PREDICTING HE WILL CONTINUE TO SMASH SLUGGING MARKS IN AN EFFORT TO BRING THE PIRATES THEIR FIRST PENNANT SINCE 1927.

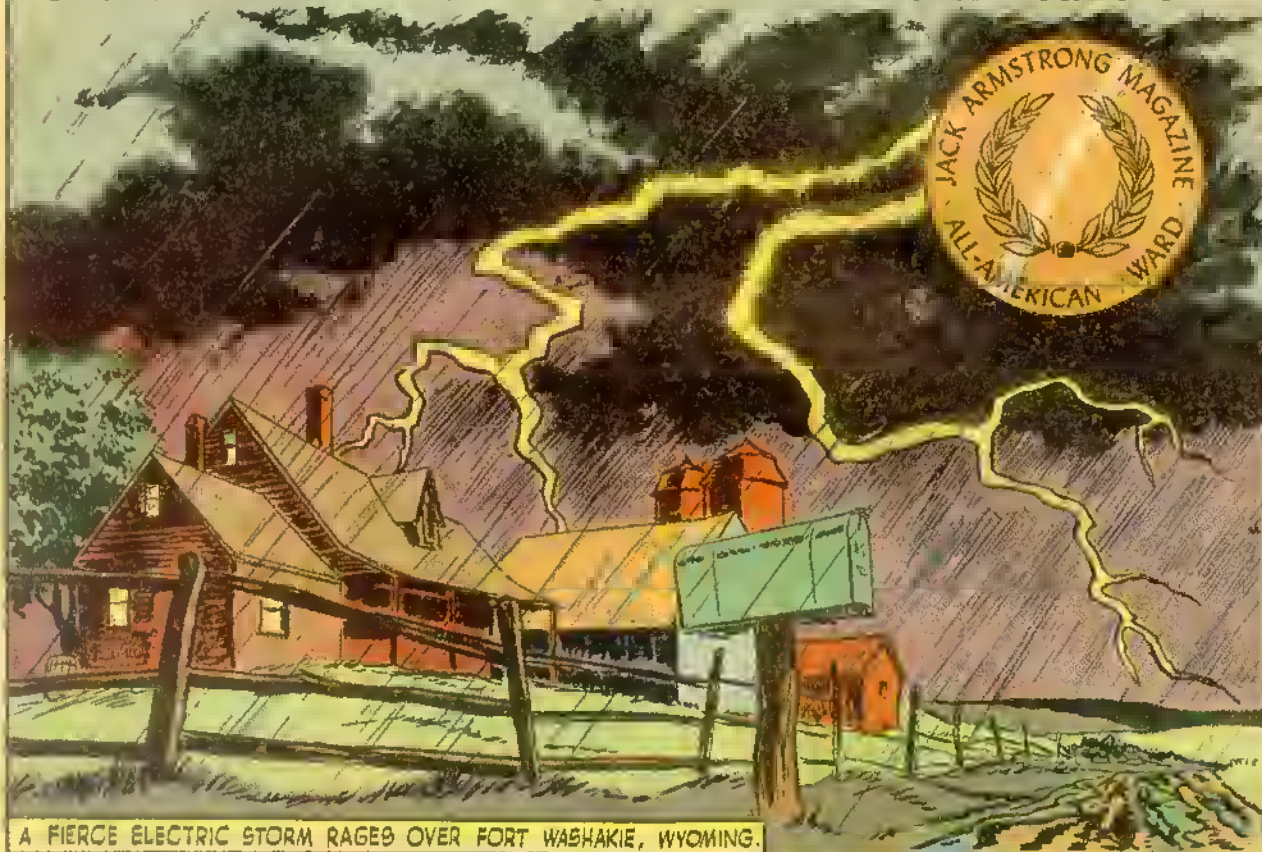
NEW YORK GIANTS' VETERAN FIRST-BACKER, WHO HAS BEEN A MAJOR LEAGUER SINCE 1936. HIS BEST PREVIOUS HOME-RUN MARK FOR A SEASON WAS 43, IN 1940. THE GIANTS ARE COUNTING ON MIZE'S BIG BAT TO PUT THEM AMONG THE LEADERS IN THIS SEASON'S PENNANT RACE. AND IF PAST PERFORMANCES MEAN ANYTHING, JOHNNY IS THE MAN TO DO IT.

Phil Barbee

JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE

ALL-AMERICAN AWARD

Based on information from the American Red Cross



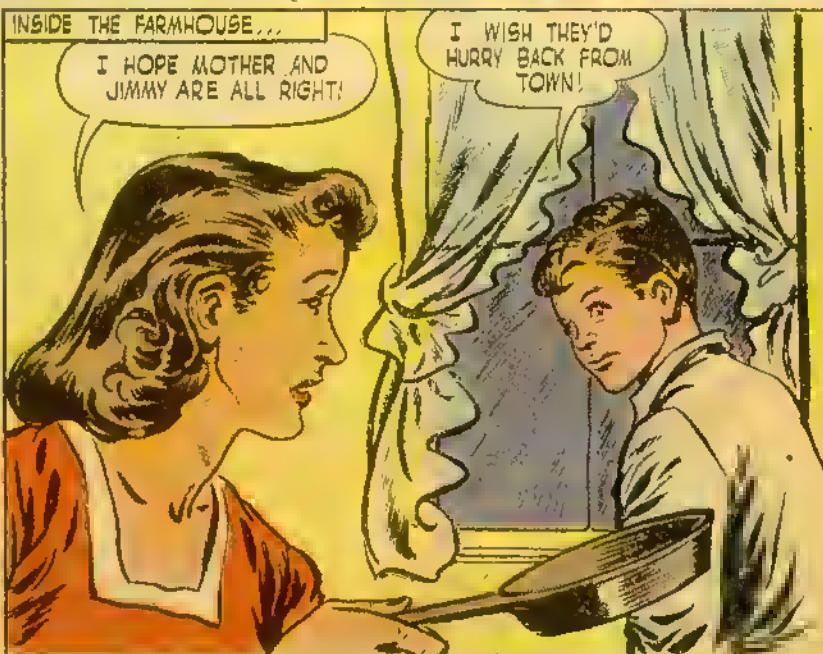
A FIERCE ELECTRIC STORM RAGES OVER FORT WASHAKIE, WYOMING.

BOBBY TATUM, ten years old, whose farm home is near Fort Washakie, Wyoming, receives the sixth monthly Jack Armstrong All-American Award for heroism.

Bobby will receive the handsome medal illustrated, engraved with his name and the date of his courageous rescue. A one-year subscription to the Jack Armstrong Magazine will be sent free to a shut-in youngster chosen by Bobby.

On May 28, 1947, Bobby Tatum saved the life of his seventeen-year-old sister Norma, who had been struck by lightning in their home. Their mother and brother had left on an errand . . . and Bobby and Norma were alone in the house.

Standing together at the kitchen window, they watch as . . .



SUDDENLY, LIGHTNING STRIKES—AND NORMA SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, NORMA? YOU SURE HAD ME SCARED!

LATER...

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NORMA—THANKS TO YOUR BRAVE BROTHER!

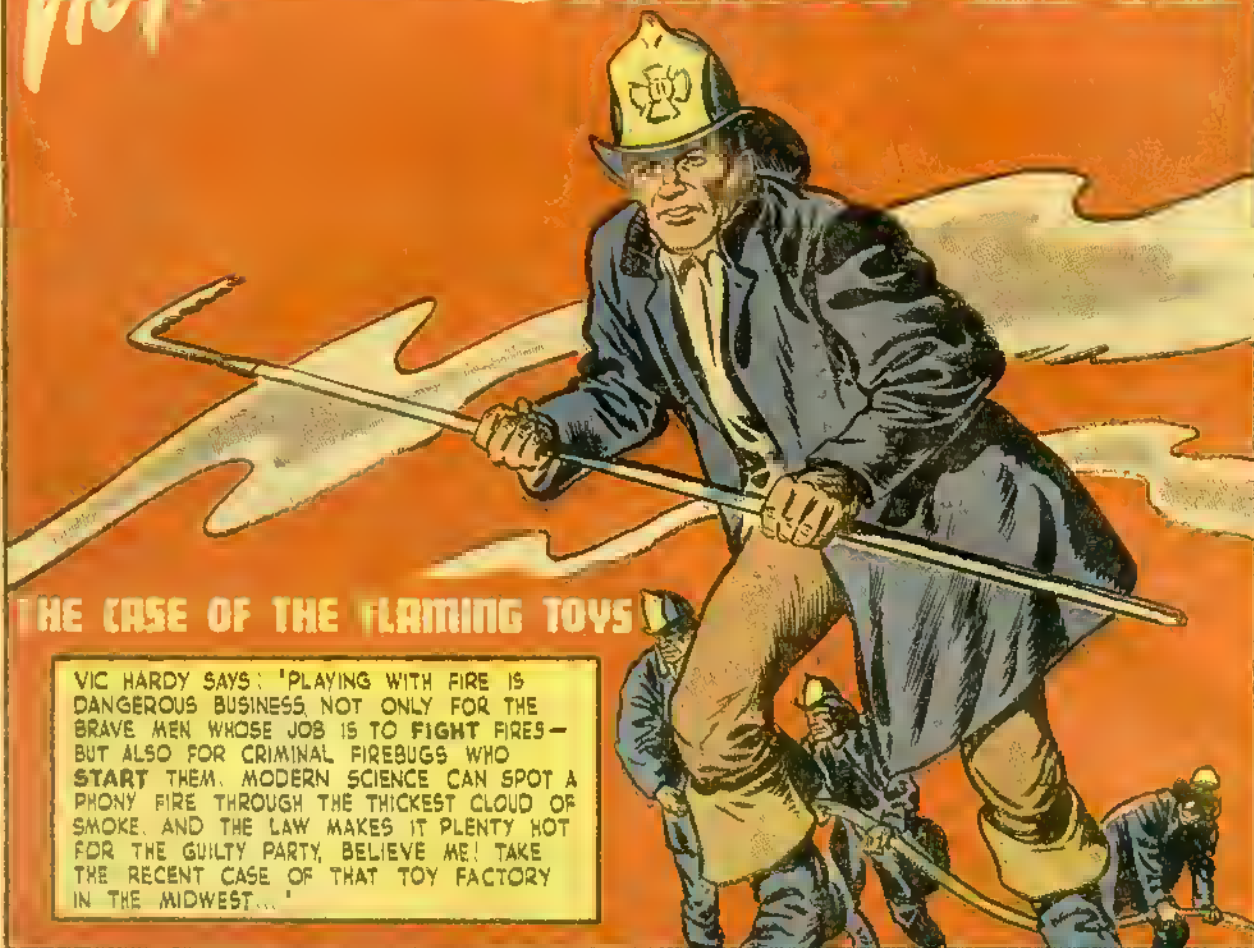
YOU DID A GOOD JOB, YOUNG FELLOW! YOU RISKED YOUR OWN LIFE TO SAVE YOUR SISTER!

AND SO, IN RECOGNITION OF HIS BRAVERY, 10-YEAR-OLD BOBBY TATUM IS AWARDED THIS MONTH'S ALL-AMERICAN AWARD.



Vic Hardy's

CRIME LAB



THE CASE OF THE FLAMING TOYS

VIC HARDY SAYS: 'PLAYING WITH FIRE IS DANGEROUS BUSINESS NOT ONLY FOR THE BRAVE MEN WHOSE JOB IS TO FIGHT FIRES— BUT ALSO FOR CRIMINAL FIREBUGS WHO **START** THEM. MODERN SCIENCE CAN SPOT A PHONY FIRE THROUGH THE THICKEST CLOUD OF SMOKE, AND THE LAW MAKES IT PLENTY HOT FOR THE GUILTY PARTY, BELIEVE ME! TAKE THE RECENT CASE OF THAT TOY FACTORY IN THE MIDWEST...

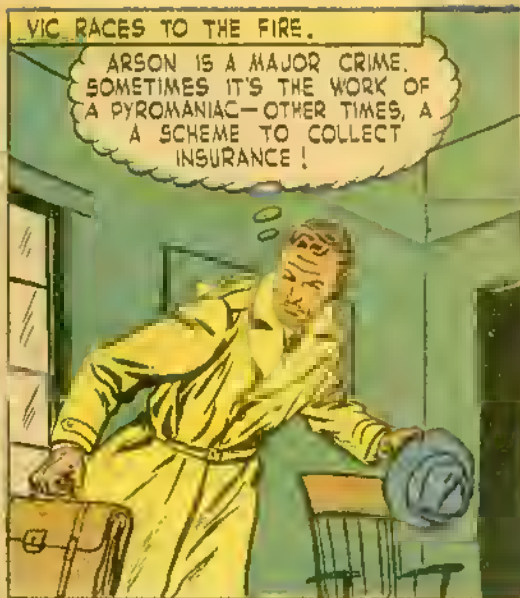
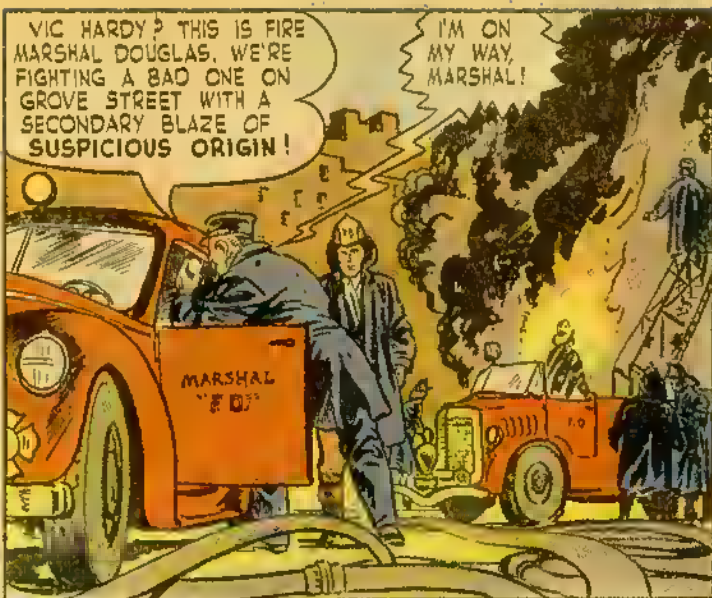


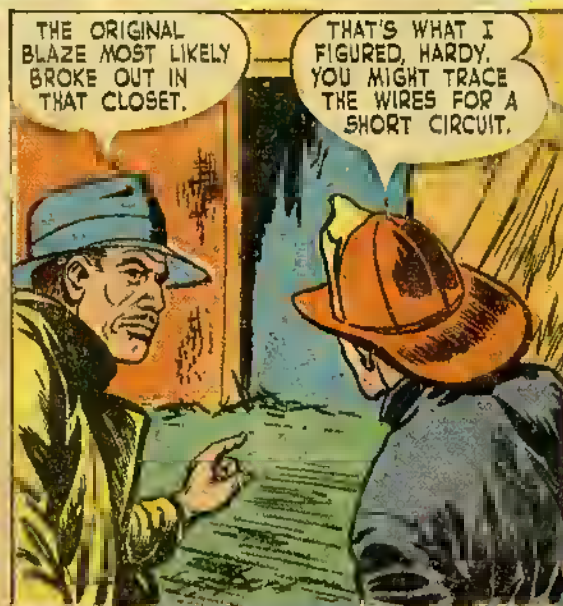
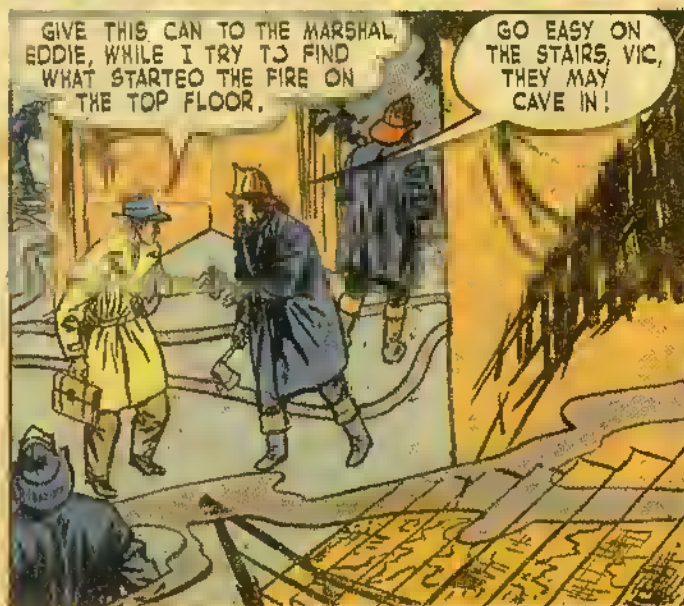
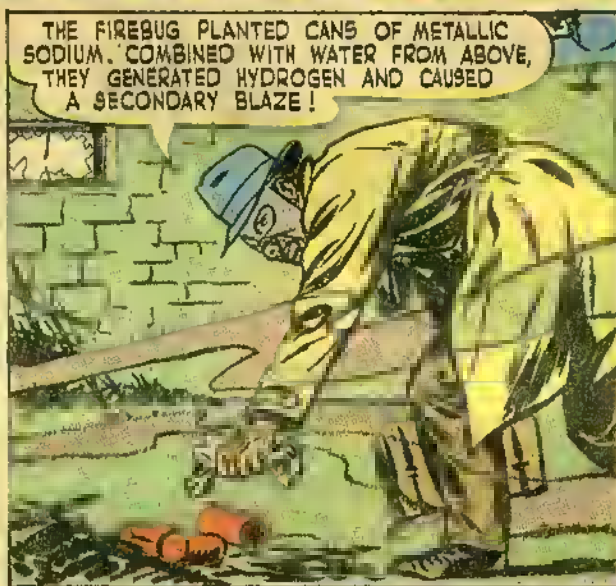
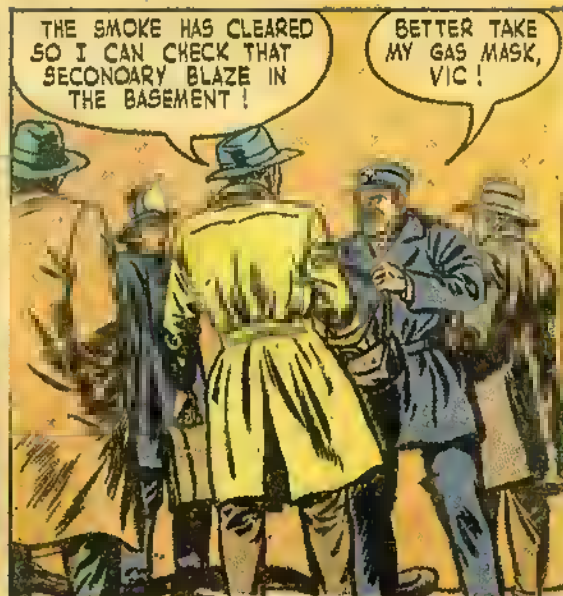
THE OWNER OPERATES A PLASTIC-TOY FACTORY IN THE BUILDING. HE HAS NO FIRE RECORD



CUT THOSE HOSE LINES, EDDIE. THE WATER IS FEEDING A CHEMICAL FIRE IN THE BASEMENT.

Y—YES, CAPTAIN!







VIC HARDY'S CRIME CLUES

A mystery for
YOU to solve!

Theft of top-secret documents from Bradley Drum, state department division chief, called for a quick solution.

Drum had checked in at the Central Hotel at 7 P. M. Fred Leone, a bellhop, had taken Drum to the 30th floor. Seven rooms were unoccupied, but Hugh Walton, a news correspondent, occupied the room adjoining Drum's.

After the bellhop had left, Drum had laid his topcoat over a chair, put the portfolio containing the documents into the drawer of a writing table, and stretched out on the bed for a ten-minute rest. When he left to go down for supper, he had made sure the door was locked and told the maid he would be back in half an hour.

But on his return Drum found the portfolio had been stolen! It looked like a tough riddle—until I began asking questions . . .



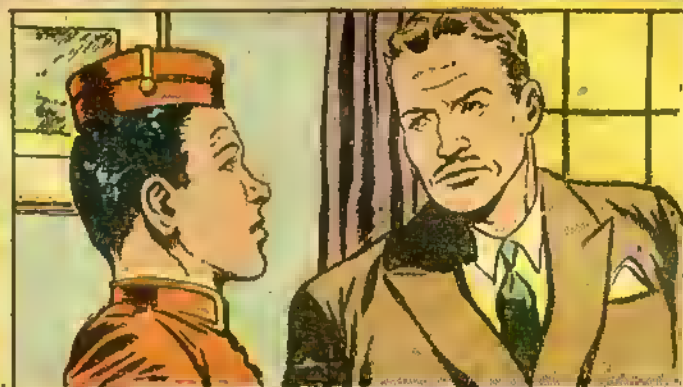
The maid interrupted: "Oh, I must have dropped that burned out fuse just now. The hall lights went out and I changed the fuse."



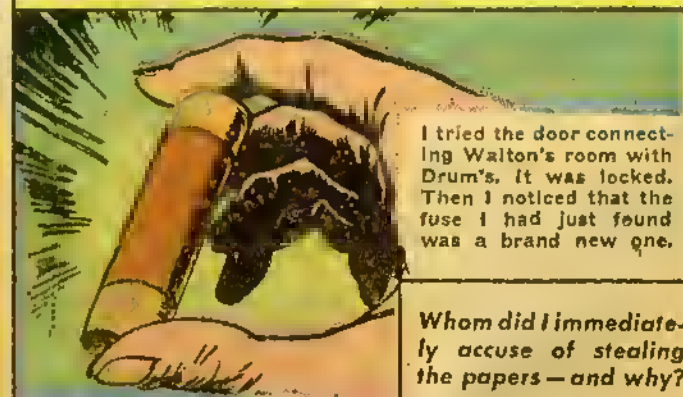
I found an electrician who was working on the fire stairs and asked him: "Has anyone used the stairs in the last two hours?" He shook his head.



I asked Drum: "Was everything exactly as you had left it?" He frowned. "Why, I can't say for sure. Say, what's that—a fuse?"



The bell boy told me: "The lights weren't out at any time. I've been on duty since early this evening." Walton, the newsman, was not in his room.

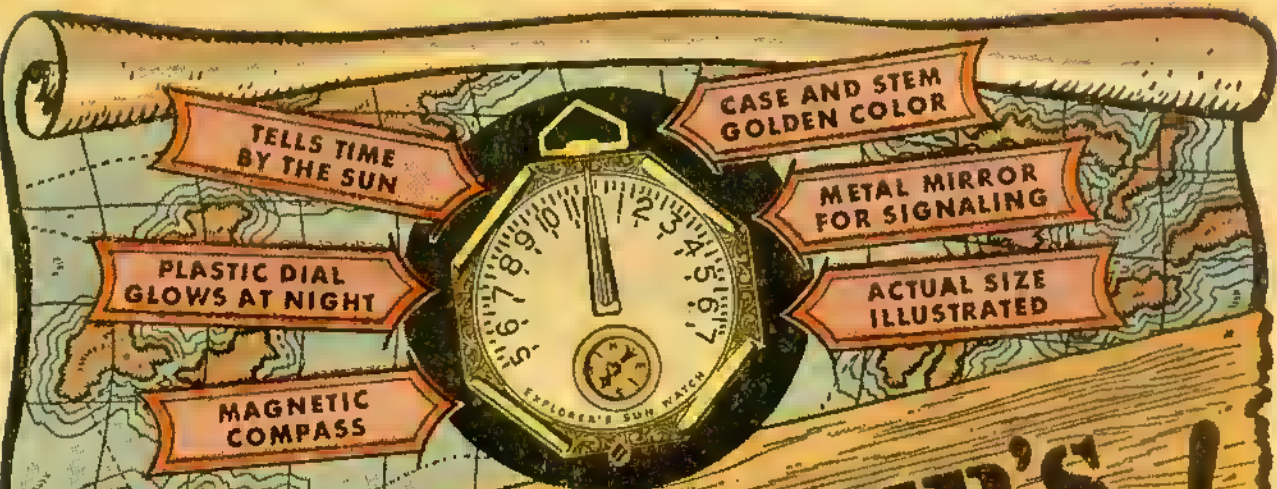


I tried the door connecting Walton's room with Drum's. It was locked. Then I noticed that the fuse I had just found was a brand new one.

Whom did I immediately accuse of stealing the papers—and why?

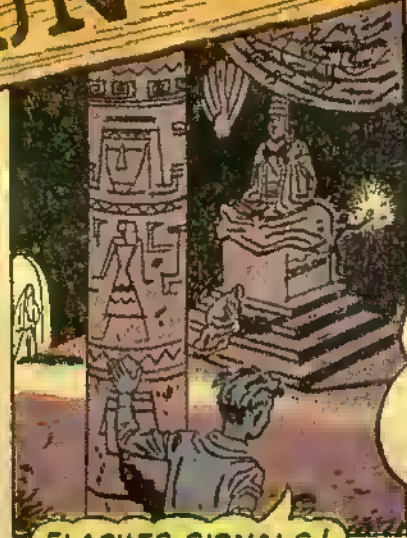
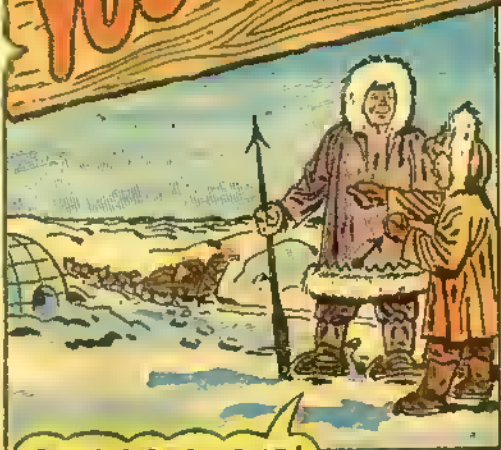
SOLUTION

The Maid. She had entered Drum's room and accidentally dropped the fuse, then claimed it was an old one she had replaced when the lights went out. But the bell boy was right: the lights had NOT gone out, because the fuse I found was BRAND NEW—not burned out. When I placed the maid under arrest she admitted that a stranger had offered to pay her \$500 for Drum's portfolio. Later, I caught the stranger at the cable where the maid had told me she had agreed to meet him.



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The RIDERS OF RATTLESNAKE RANGE

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

RODEO
NEXT WEEK BIG CASH PRIZES

JACK AND HIS FRIENDS ARE VACATIONING AT THE LAZY L RANCH, OWNED BY JIM ELLIOTT, WHEN NEWS OF THE BIG RODEO WHIPS UP A FEVER OF EXCITEMENT AMONG RANCHMEN OF RATTLESNAKE RANGE...

THAT RODEO MONEY ISN'T PEANUTS, FOLKS! FIRST PRIZE IS ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

NO, THANKS, BETTY. I'LL LET JIM'S FOREMAN, JOE MURPHY, HANDLE THE BRONG-BUSTING CHORES.

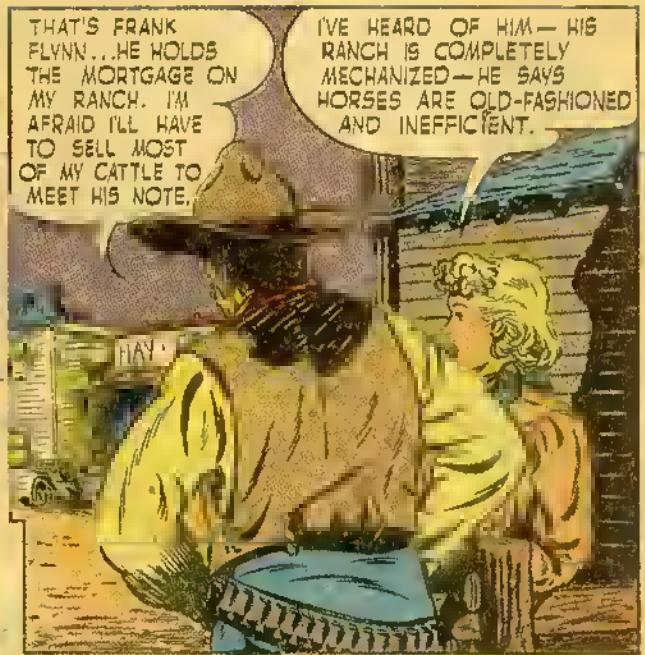
HOWDY, ELLIOTT—I HOPE YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING MY NOTE ON YOUR LAZY L OUTFIT. IT FALLS DUE NEXT WEEK.

I'M NOT FORGETTING, FLYNN. YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY.

JACK, YOU'RE A GOOD RIDER—WHY DON'T YOU ENTER?



SAY, WHO WAS THAT
CHEERY LITTLE RAY
OF SUN-POISONING?



THAT'S FRANK
FLYNN...HE HOLDS
THE MORTGAGE ON
MY RANCH. I'M
AFRAID I'LL HAVE
TO SELL MOST
OF MY CATTLE TO
MEET HIS NOTE.

I'VE HEARD OF HIM— HIS
RANCH IS COMPLETELY
MECHANIZED—HE SAYS
HORSES ARE OLD-FASHIONED
AND INEFFICIENT.



JOE, ISN'T THERE
SOMETHING WE CAN
DO TO HELP JIM MEET
THAT NOTE WITHOUT
SELLING ALL HIS STOCK?

RECKON NOT,
JACK. THAT DUDE
FLYNN IS A HARD
MAN—AND HE
DEALS IN
HARD CASH.



I'D HATE TO SEE
A NICE GUY LIKE JIM
ELLIOTT LOSE THE
LAZY L. HE'S WORKED
ALL HIS LIFE TO GET
HIS OWN SPREAD.



THAT FLYNN'S A PUSH-BUTTON
RANCHER...EVEN USES JEEPS
INSTEAD OF COW PONIES OVER
AT HIS NEW-FANGLED
FLYING F SPREAD.



SPEAKING OF COW PONIES,
JOE, HOW ABOUT GIVING
ME A FEW POINTERS ON
BRONCO-BUSTING? YOU'RE
AN EXPERT!

SURE THING,
JACK, WE'LL
START TOMORROW!

A WEEK LATER, AT FRANK FLYNN'S FLYING F RANCH...

ELLIOTT THINKS I DON'T
KNOW IT— BUT HE'S SELLING
A SHIPMENT OF CATTLE
TO MEET MY NOTE.



BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM FROM
MAKING THAT
SHIPMENT!



LISTEN CLOSE, BOYS...
TONIGHT WE'RE GOING
TO RUSTLE ELLIOTT'S
STOCK. WE'LL CHANGE THE LAZY L
BRAND TO FLYING F— THEN COVER
OURSELVES WITH THIS FAKE BILL OF SALE!

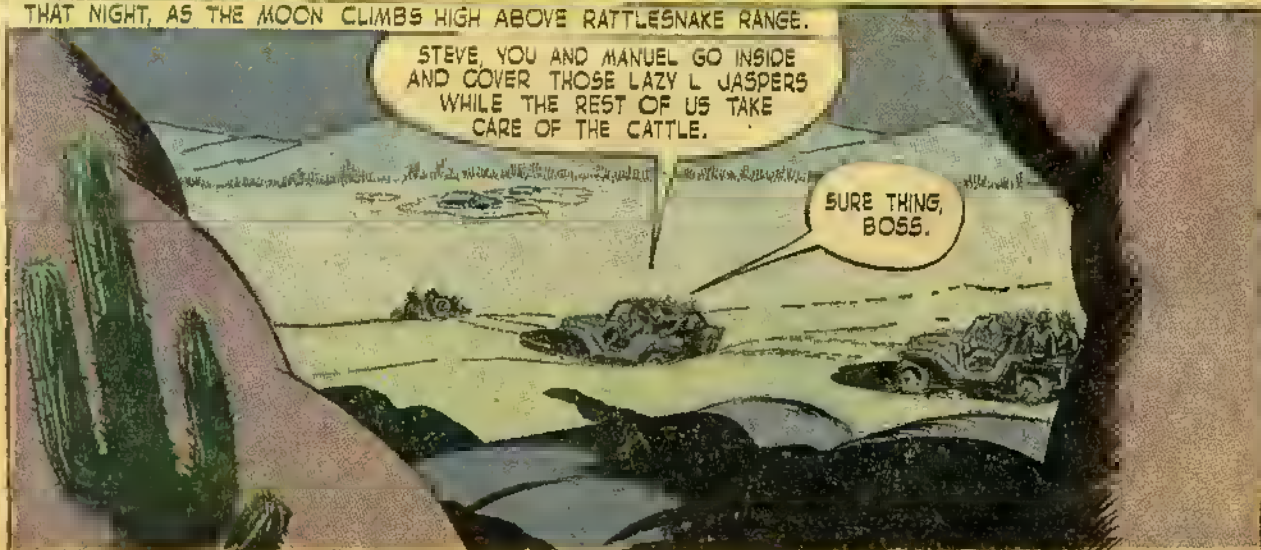
SLICK!

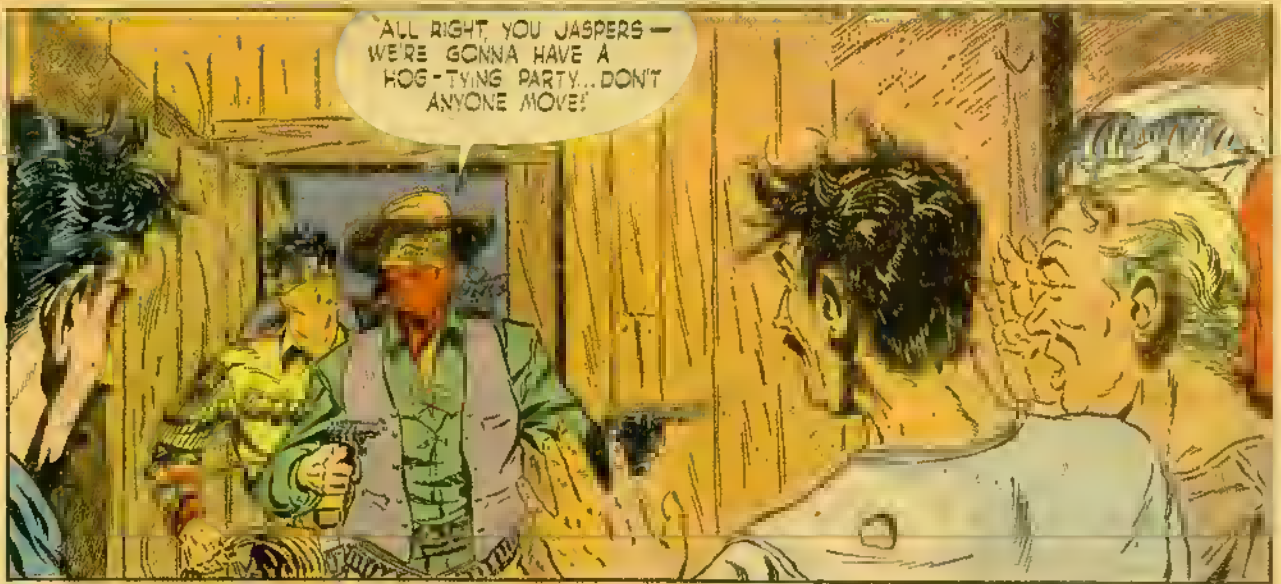


THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON CLIMBS HIGH ABOVE RATTLESNAKE RANGE.

STEVE, YOU AND MANUEL GO INSIDE
AND COVER THOSE LAZY L JASPERS
WHILE THE REST OF US TAKE
CARE OF THE CATTLE.

SURE THING,
BOSS.





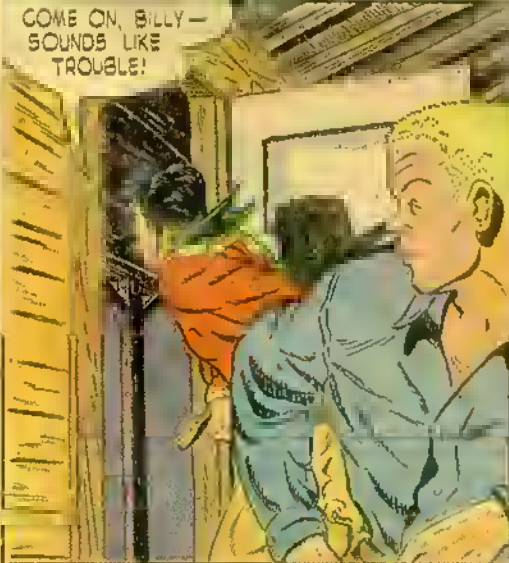
"ALL RIGHT, YOU JASPERS —
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A
HOG-TYING PARTY...DON'T
ANYONE MOVE!"

A HALF HOUR LATER, CHARLIE, THE CHINESE COOK,
GLANCES IN THE BUNKHOUSE WINDOW...



CHOLLY COME
CHOP-CHOP — SEE
FUNNY BUSINESS IN
BUNKHOUSE, YOU
BETCHA!

COME ON, BILLY —
SOUNDS LIKE
TROUBLE!



LEAPING
LARIATS...
LOOK!



MEANWHILE ON RATTLESNAKE RANGE—



PUSH 'EM HARD,
BOYS, WE DON'T
HAVE ALL NIGHT!

AN HOUR LATER, THE LAZY L CATTLE ARE HERDED INTO A CAVE ON FLYNN'S FLYING F SPREAD...



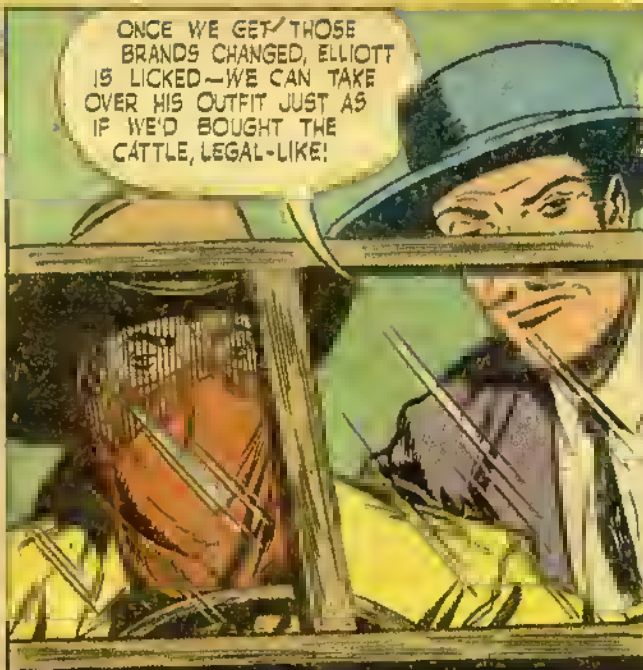
GIT
ALONG!

THEY TRIED TO FOLLOW
US— BUT WE LOST
THEM AT THE RIVER.
GOOD THING THOSE
JEEPS ARE WATER-
PROOFED.



GET OUT THE
ELECTRIC
BRANDING
IRONS AND GO
TO WORK—I
WANT EVERY
LITTLE BRAND
CHANGED
BEFORE SUNUP.

ONCE WE GET THOSE
BRANDS CHANGED, ELLIOTT
IS LICKED—WE CAN TAKE
OVER HIS OUTFIT JUST AS
IF WE'D BOUGHT THE
CATTLE, LEGAL-LIKE!



WHAT ARE YOU TWO HOMBRES
DOING BACK SO SOON?

WE HAD THOSE
LAZY L JASPERS HOGTIED,
BOSS, BUT THAT TENDERFOOT
ARMSTRONG
BUSTED IN AND
SPOILED THE PARTY.



THAT DOESN'T GIVE US
MUCH TIME, BOSS.

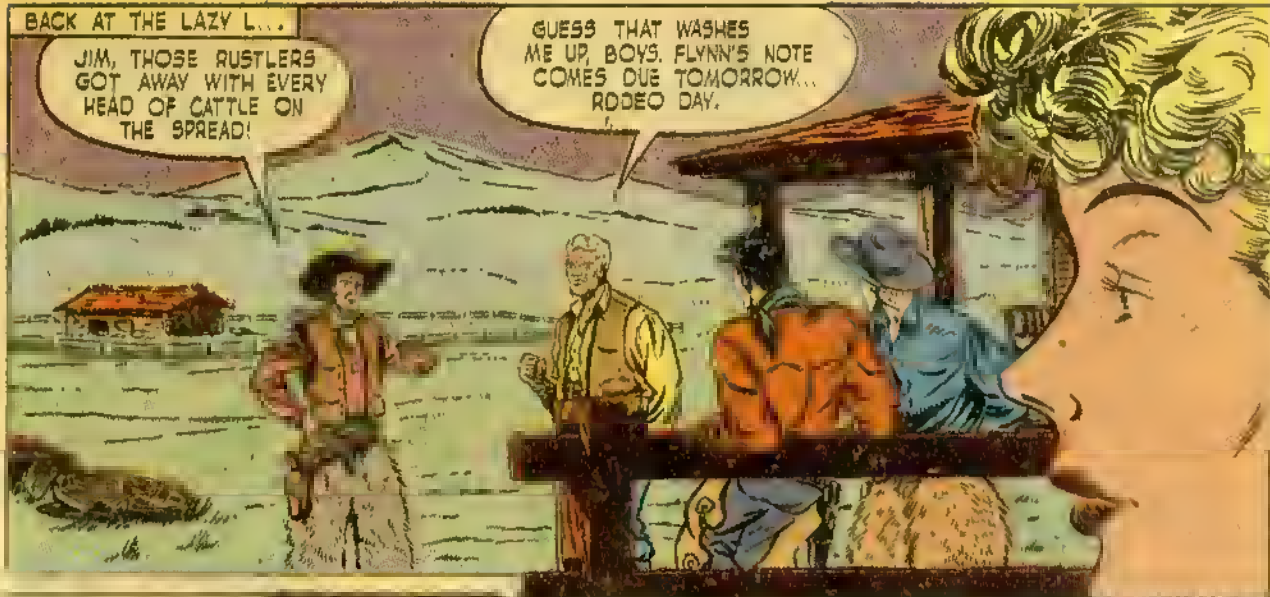
WORK FAST-AND
REMEMBER—
NO SLIP-UPS!



BACK AT THE LAZY L...

JIM, THOSE RUSTLERS
GOT AWAY WITH EVERY
HEAD OF CATTLE ON
THE SPREAD!

GUESS THAT WASHES
ME UP, BOYS. FLYNN'S NOTE
COMES DUE TOMORROW...
RODEO DAY.



RODEO DAY! SAY, JIM,
WOULDN'T THAT
THOUSAND-DOLLAR
RODEO PRIZE MONEY
COVER THE AMOUNT
OF FLYNN'S NOTE?

WHY, YES,
JACK, BUT—



AND HAVEN'T YOU
GOT THE RIDIEST
CREW OF COWPOKES
WEST OF THE
MISSISSIPPI?

WHY, YES,
BUT—



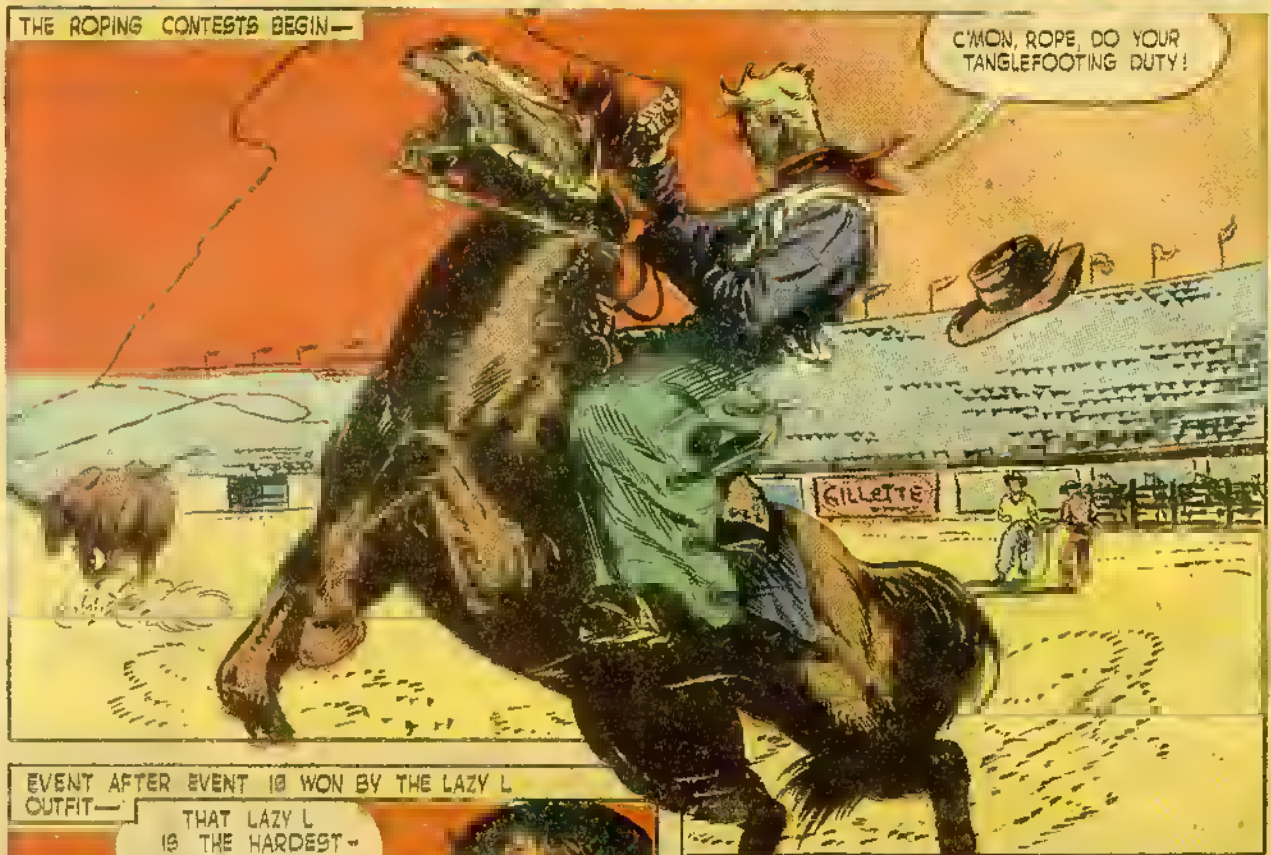
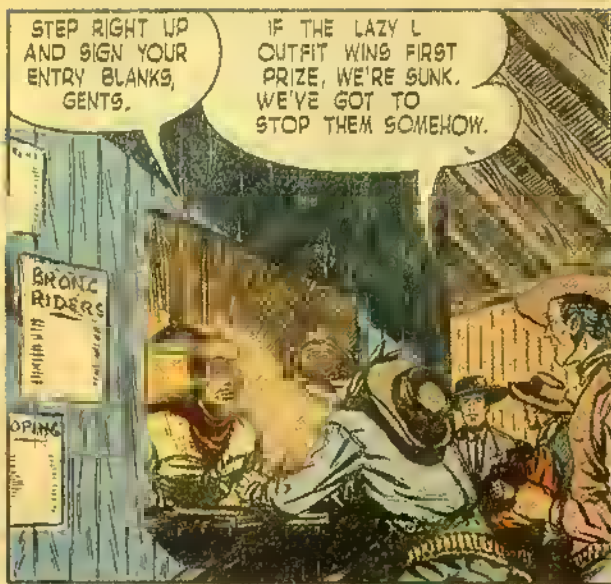
HE'S RIGHT, JIM! THAT
PRIZE MONEY WOULD
HELP US MEET FLYNN'S
NOTE—AND GIVE US
TIME TO TRACK DOWN
THE STOLEN CATTLE!

WELL—I'LL
DO ANYTHING
TO KEEP THE
RANCH.



NEXT DAY, THE LAZY L OUTFIT SADDLES UP FOR THE RIDE INTO
TOWN... AND THE RODEO.







MR. ELLIOTT! JOE MURPHY DISAPPEARED! AND HE'S DUE TO RIDE NEXT IN THE BRONG-BUSTING EVENT!



MURPHY'S OUR BEST! WITHOUT HIM, WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE FOR THE BIG PRIZE!

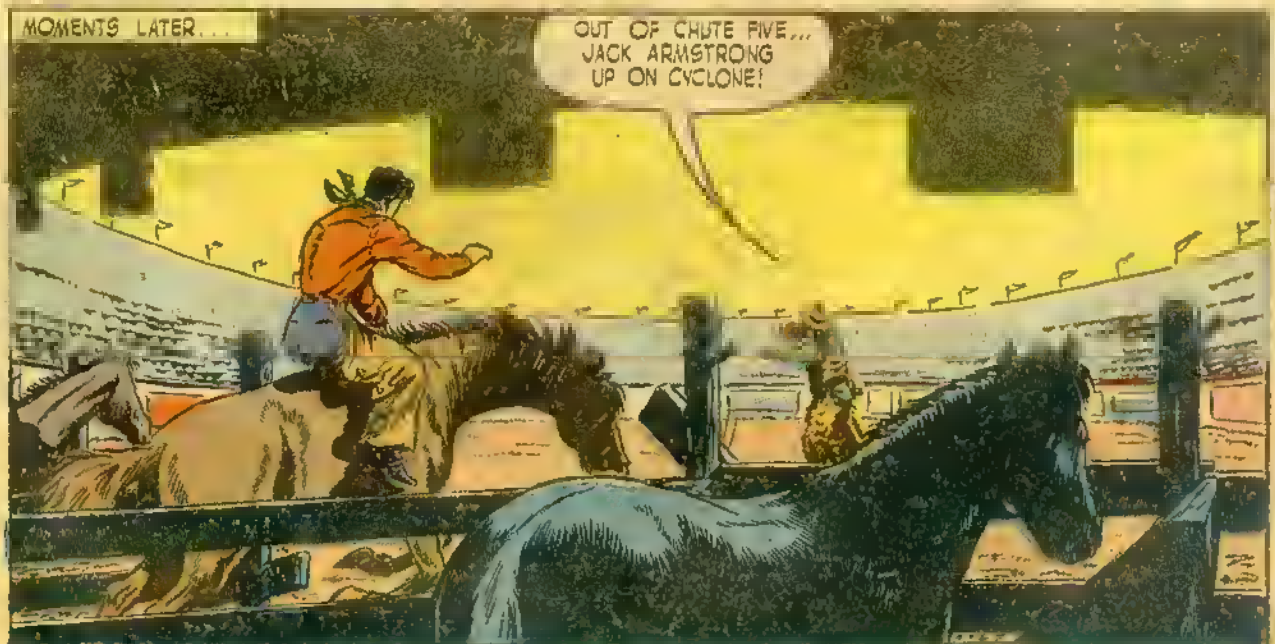


JUST A MINUTE, JIM— JOE'S BEEN TEACHING ME A FEW TRICKS THIS PAST WEEK. IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU...



—I'LL TAKE OVER JOE'S PLACE IN THE BRONG-BUSTING EVENT!

WELL, I'LL BE—!



MOMENTS LATER...

OUT OF CHUTE FIVE... JACK ARMSTRONG UP ON CYCLONE!

JACK HAS DRAWN ONE OF THE FIERCEST PACKAGES OF PURE WICKEDNESS EVER WRAPPED IN HORSEHIDE.

RISE HIM, JACK!

STAY WITH HIM, PAL!



...UNTIL, FINALLY, AFTER A TERRIFIC BATTLE, THE EXHAUSTED ANIMAL ACKNOWLEDGES ITS MASTER!



YIPPEE!

THE WINNAH AND CHAMPION BRONC-BUSTER... JACK ARMSTRONG OF THE LAZY LI!

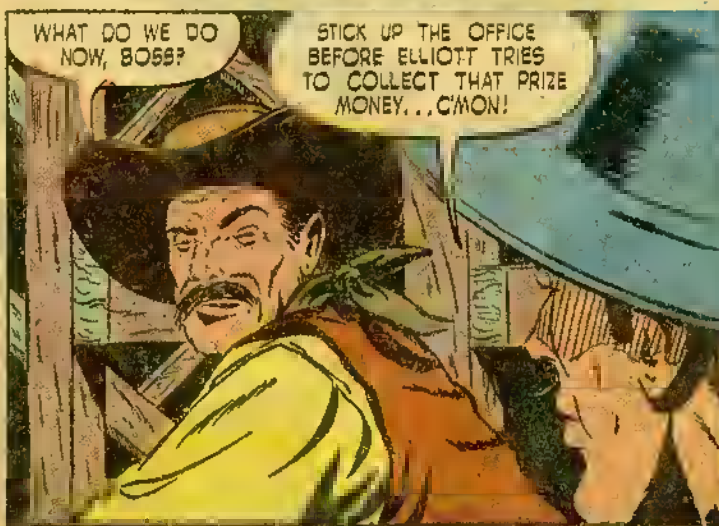


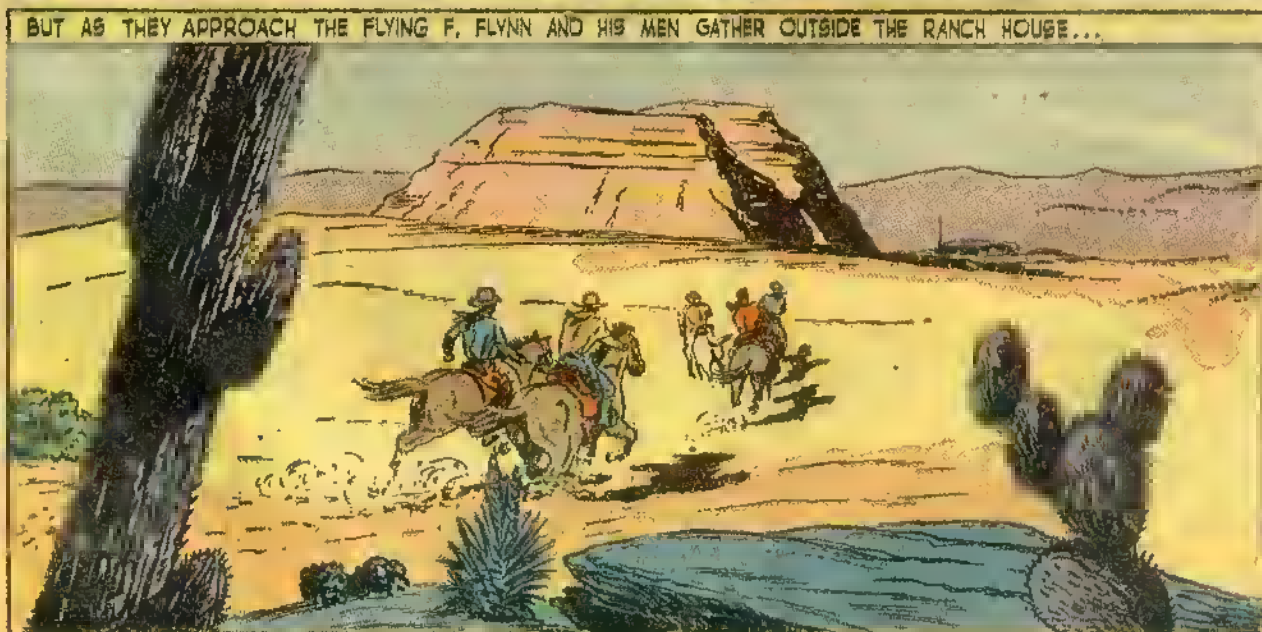
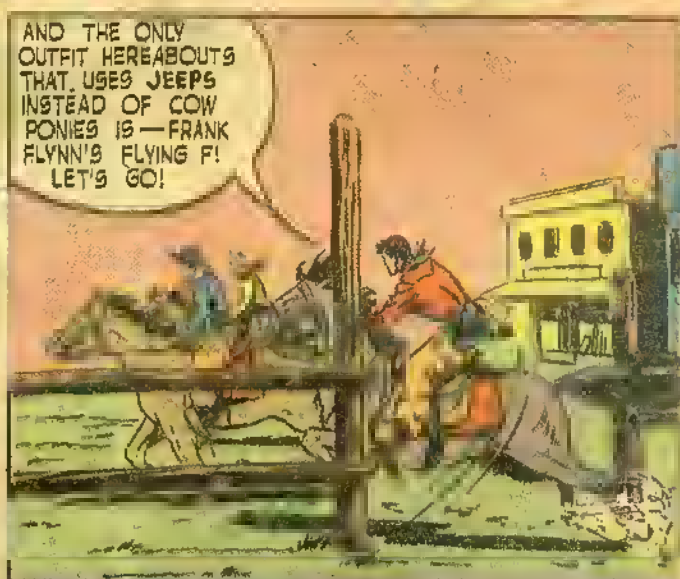
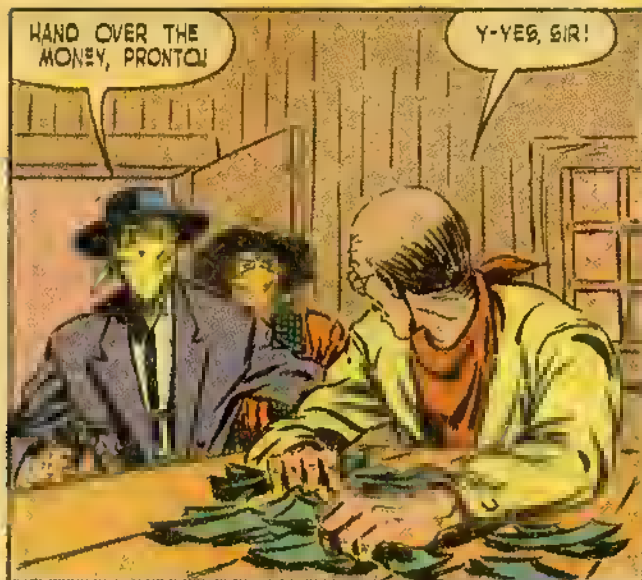
GRIMLY, JACK PITS HIS SKILL AND COURAGE AGAINST THE BRUTE FORCE AND CUNNING OF THE MAN-HATING OUTLAW...



WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BOSS?

STICK UP THE OFFICE BEFORE ELLIOTT TRIES TO COLLECT THAT PRIZE MONEY... C'MON!



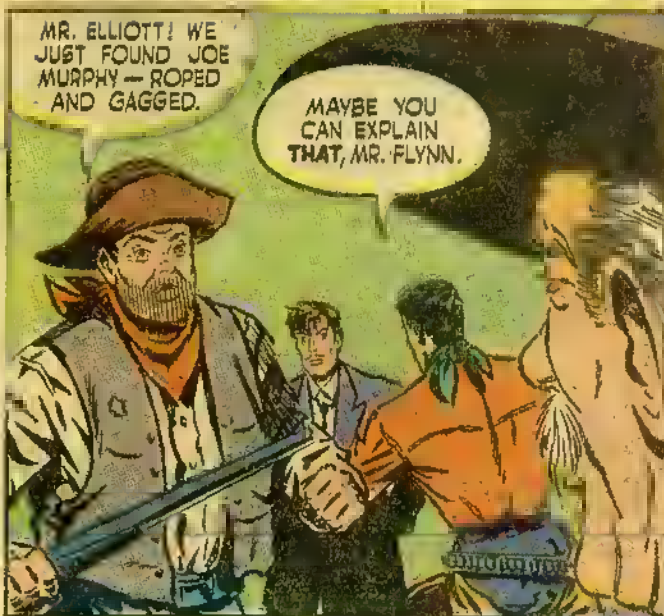






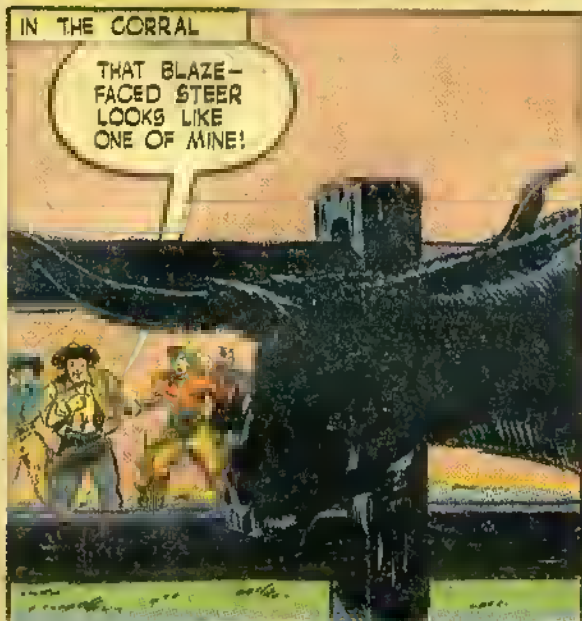
IT'S ALL HERE,
JIM— ENOUGH
TO MEET
FLYNN'S NOTE!

THANK GOODNESS!
NOW I CAN
KEEP THE RANCH.



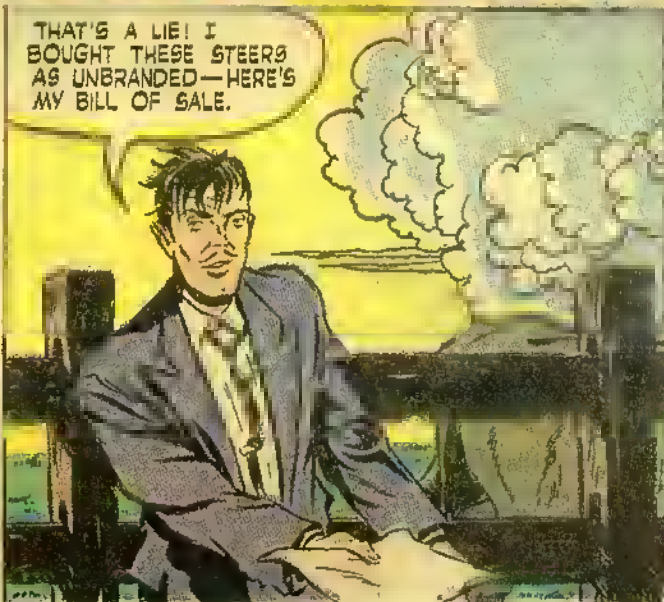
MR. ELLIOTT! WE
JUST FOUND JOE
MURPHY— ROPED
AND GAGGED.

MAYBE YOU
CAN EXPLAIN
THAT, MR. FLYNN.



IN THE CORRAL

THAT BLAZE-
FACED STEER
LOOKS LIKE
ONE OF MINE!



THAT'S A LIE! I
BOUGHT THESE STEERS
AS UNBRANDED—HERE'S
MY BILL OF SALE.



YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE,
FLYNN— YOU CHANGED THE
OUTSIDE BRAND, BUT I
ALSO **EAR-MARK**
MY STOCK! THAT'S
A LITTLE TRICK
A PUSH-BUTTON
RANCHER LIKE
YOU WOULDN'T
KNOW ABOUT—
SEE?



COME ALONG, FLYNN. RUSTLING
AND ARMED ROBBERY COME
UNDER THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT.
AND I THINK HE HAS A QUIET
LITTLE CELL—ESPECIALLY
EAR-MARKED FOR YOU!



South of SEA HORSE

BY
Willis Lindquist
Author of "Tortuga Trap"

Slow death by freezing faces this young Arctic whaler in his desperate search for lost shipmates . . . for no one had ever been known to live through a winter in the ice pack south of Sea Horse

FROM the masthead of the trapped Arctic whaler, the Hercules, young Joel searched the western horizon for his friend Tom and the two harpooners. They had been gone since yesterday morning. A searching party had failed to find them.

To the west there was nothing to be seen but the blinding glare of broken ice.

Joel swallowed. It seemed so hopeless now. From his perch on the topgallant yardarm, he could



Snarling and slavering, the hungry bear humped after him. Then, like a great white cat, it crouched. Slowly, carefully, it crept out along the boom.

see the dark cliffs of Sea Horse Island far to the north. Eastward lay three other square-riggers of the Arctic fleet, hopelessly caught in the ice pack.

Only the Pioneer and the Novarich had got through before the ice closed in. Now they were riding at anchor in the open a few hundred yards to the south. They were standing by a few more hours to take off the crews of the doomed ships.

"Doomed?" Captain Haggis had roared when Joel asked him about

it. "By the great harpooner! This, boy, is the ice pack south of Sea Horse. No ship ever lived in it through a winter."

Joel understood that now. He searched the west again for Tom, the second mate. He knew, with a feeling of desperation, that there wasn't much time left. Captain Haggis would wait only a few minutes more before abandoning ship.

A booming sound like low thunder suddenly whipped through the ice pack. The great pack was shifting again, huge blocks of ice exploding into fine dust under the grinding pressure.

Joel felt a hard jolt under him. A splintering, cracking sound came from below. The mast quivered, gear clattered. Then silence.

Joel slid down a backstay to the icy deck. Captain Haggis and Chips were coming from the forward hatch, their faces grim.

"That finishes it," said the captain. "She's all cracked up like an eggshell."

Chips nodded hopelessly. "Another week and she'll be all matchwood and old iron."

The order was given to abandon ship. By this time the crew was ready for it and quickly gathered on the ice with their sea bags and small chests.

Joel thought of Tom. Tom had to have one last chance. "Captain Haggis," he said, "let me stay half an hour. I'll send some more signals with the fog horn. I can catch up to you."

The captain hesitated. "If the Pioneer waits much longer she'll be frozen in, too."

"I've got a feeling Tom is close by," Joel went on. "I wish you'd let me stay, sir."

"Very well. Half an hour. Watch the time!"

As the crew started like a dark worm across the ice pack, Joel went to the foghorn, not at all sure what he would do if Tom didn't show up in time.

When the half hour was up, Joel knew that he couldn't leave. If Tom were well, leaving him on the ice pack wasn't exactly a death sentence. Tom could always get over to Sea Horse Island and weather a hard winter with the natives. But if he were very badly hurt . . .

Joel tightened his lips. He knew he had to stay.

An hour passed. The sun was setting and the lowing of the foghorn from the Pioneer told him that the crew was aboard and waiting for him.

He signaled back. As long as they knew he was still there, they would wait. They had to!

He went aloft once more to the topgallant yard and looked westward. There was nothing to be seen but the silent wilderness of treacherous ice.

He went down. In the galley he made some coffee. With the gathering dusk there came a strange and lonely silence. Now and then the ice boomed, followed by the shudder and creak of timbers. But the sound he wanted desperately to hear, the sound of Tom's voice, did not come.

Joel suddenly set down his coffee cup, listened. There was a shuffling sound on deck. Someone was out there.

With his heart hammering wildly, he stepped out, hurried forward to the ladder. No one was there. No one at all.

"Tom! Hey, Tom!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

A thin voice came floating back. Or was it an echo?

As he opened his mouth to call again, he froze. Something had moved behind him. There was a deep growl. He spun.

A great white polar bear lumbered onto the hatch and reared in the twilight.

Joel felt his scalp tighten. He was cut off from his quarters and the galley. With a desperate leap, he scrambled up on the fore-castle head. He streaked across it and out onto the jibboom.

Snarling and slavering, the hungry beast humped after him. At the jibboom it paused, the flat head swinging, looking down at the ice fifteen feet below. Then, like a great white cat, it crouched. Slowly, carefully, it crept out along the boom.

At the end of the boom, Joel watched. He was helpless, trapped. The bear could reach him. One swipe of its paw and they'd both fall to the ice below.

The shouts did not seem real at first. They came like sounds in a dream. Then he recognized Tom's deep voice.

"Don't move, Joel!" Tom yelled. "Stay fast!"

The bear looked toward the



Joel stared. His throat went hot and dry. "You—you mean we have to stay here all winter?" "Maybe." Tom found a cold boiled potato and bit into it. "How's the Hercules?"

voice—its last look. Even before Joel heard the crack of a rifle, the big beast was tumbling from the boom.

Two more shots were necessary to finish it. And then Tom and the harpooners were on deck, rushing Joel to the galley for food and coffee, asking him questions as they ate and warmed themselves over the stove.

"We've got to hurry," Joel explained the situation. "Captain Haggis said the Pioneer couldn't wait much longer."

Tom, big, square-shouldered, finished his coffee. An odd look came to his face. "Don't you know, Joel?"

"Know what?"

"There's a south wind blowing. Those ships sailed an hour ago. They had to beat up wind or get tossed back on the ice. This place is too deep for good anchorage."

Joel stared. His throat went hot and dry. "You—you mean we have to stay here all winter?"

"Maybe." Tom found a cold boiled potato and bit into it. "How's the Hercules?"

"Got pinched this afternoon. Most of the bottom's chewed off."

Tom looked at the harpooners. "What did I tell you? These big square bottoms never do have any chance. Take the Grampus now, she's built down sharper than a canoe."

The Grampus, Joel remembered, was the little three-master, the second ship over in the ice pack. He shook his head. "She seems to have a bad list."

Tom whacked the table. "She's either going down, or popping up on the ice. Eat up, my buckies! We're going over to have a look."

It made no sense to Joel, and when they started across the ice

with their gear a few minutes later, he said, "The Grampus can't take it either. She'll be toothpicks by spring."

"You may be right," grunted Tom, sounding hopeless.

He leaned into the wind, and for a time the deep booming of the ice field discouraged their conversation. Here and there wide cracks had opened up over which they had to jump.

"Say!" Joel exploded suddenly. "Where were you?"

Tom scrambled over a large up-thrust of ice. "At the end of the pack. It was farther than we thought. Followed the edge back around and got lost last night."

Joel stumbled over the ice. There were bright stars in the Arctic sky. It brought back the loneliness. They were like prisoners. All about them was frozen death and they could not escape for another year.

At the listing Grampus, Joel found lanterns and they examined the hull inside and out.

"Some seams started, but they're not too bad," was Tom's opinion. He set the harpooners to work with caulking hammers and oakum to make the ship tight.

Armed with axes, Joel and Tom walked around the outside of the ship. Tom pointed to large thrusts of ice that threatened to stove in the sides. "We'll start chopping at these," Tom said. "Take off your coat. This is going to be all night."

"You crazy, Tom? The Grampus doesn't have wings!"

"Chop!" growled Tom. Small bits of ice flew as his ax bit deep.

He set a furious pace, as if he were racing against minutes. Joel tried to keep up with him. In an hour they had worked around the ship. But the wind had risen to howling force and the shifting pack sawed dangerously at the ship's outer skin.

"Got to keep at it," Tom gasped.

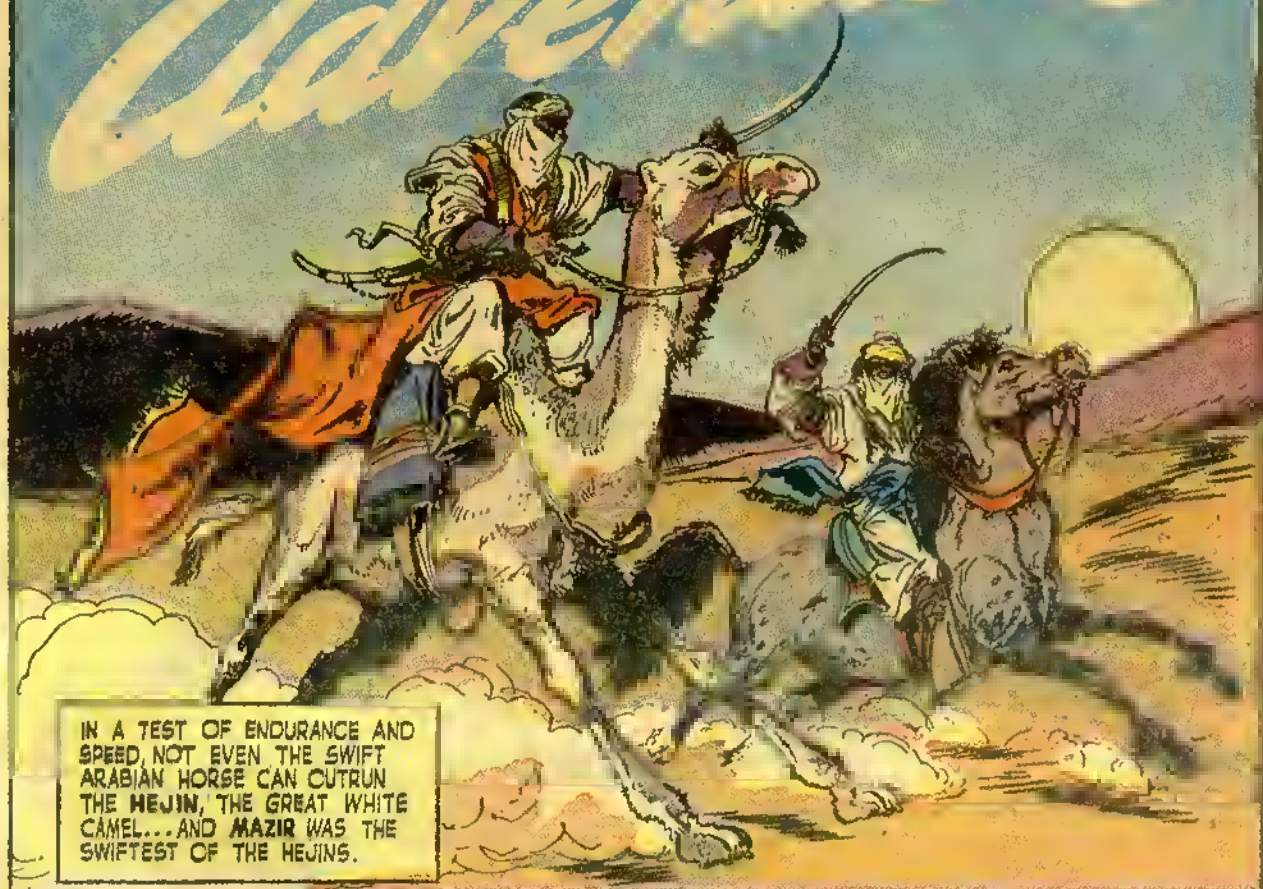
Keep at it they did. The harpooners joined them after a couple of hours. Joel had peeled to his shirt sleeves, but he was sweating and his muscles ached.

Hours passed. Once when the ice shifted suddenly, Joel fell into the icy water up to his neck. Tom pulled him free just a moment before the ice snapped closed again like a great jaw.

"Get into the galley," Tom

(Continued on page 40)

ARABIAN *Adventure*



IN A TEST OF ENDURANCE AND SPEED, NOT EVEN THE SWIFT ARABIAN HORSE CAN OUTRUN THE HEJIN, THE GREAT WHITE CAMEL...AND MAZIR WAS THE SWIFTEST OF THE HEJINS.

OUTLAW BEDOUINS SWEEP DOWN ON ALI'S CARAVAN.

KILL THE MEN AND
TAKE THE TREASURES!

I WILL AVENGE
THIS OUTRAGE!



OF ALL MY CARAVAN, ONLY I
HAVE ESCAPED. THAT IS
BECAUSE MAZIR, MY WHITE HEJIN,
HAS SUCH GREAT SPEED!



AT THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED ARMED
HORSEMEN...

WE RIDE TO MEET
THE OUTLAWS!

WE FOLLOW WHERE ALI
LEADS ON, HIS
RACING HEJIN.



AT THE OASIS OF AKAR, ALI STOPS AT THE TENT OF SHEIK
IBRAHIM...

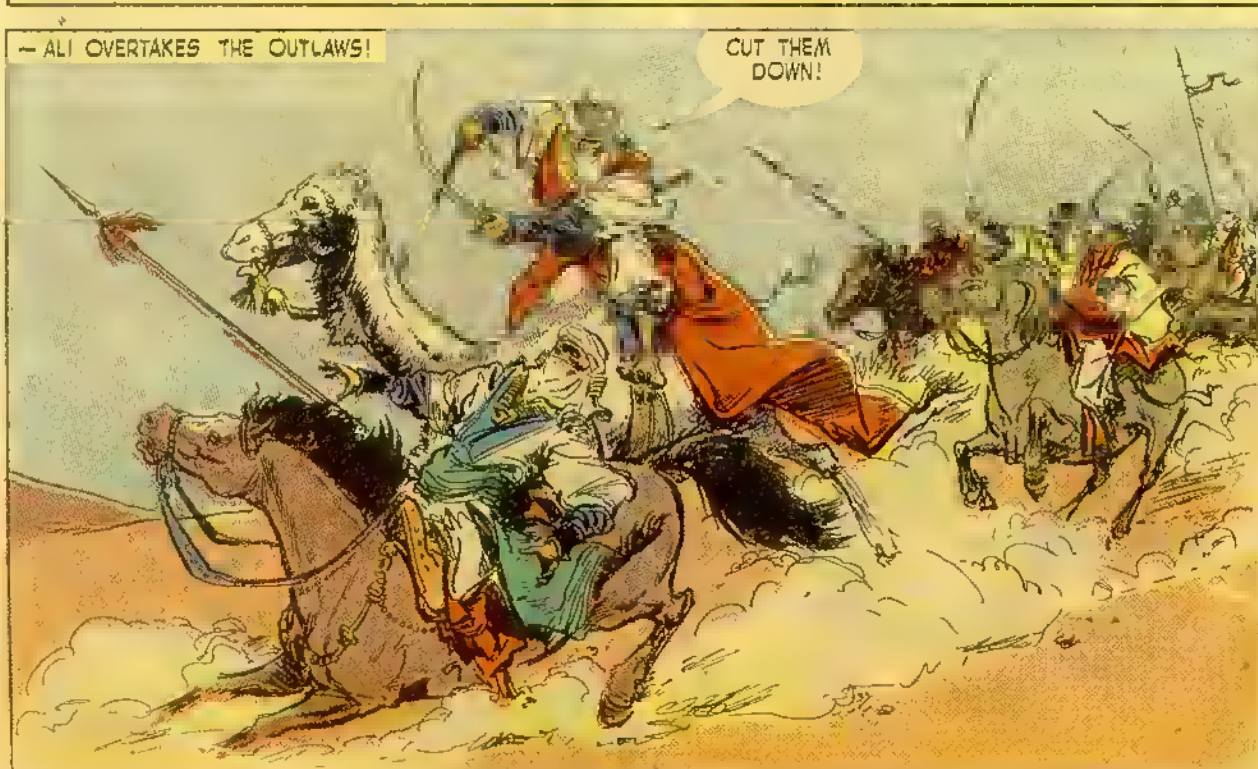
SHEIK IBRAHIM, GIVE ME
A HUNDRED MEN THAT
I MAY PURSUE AND
FIGHT THOSE OUTLAW
BEDOUINS.

MY WARRIORS GATHER
IN THE HILLS. YOU SHALL
HAVE YOUR REVENGE.
ALI!



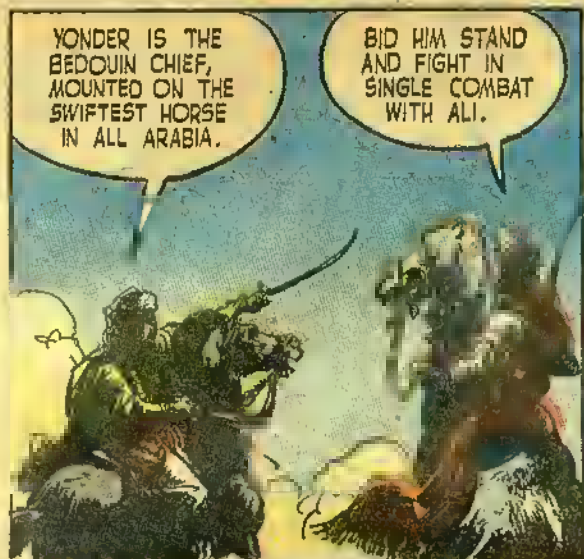
— ALI OVERTAKES THE OUTLAWS!

CUT THEM
DOWN!





THE THIEVES ARE
PUT TO FLIGHT!
I SEEK THEIR
OUTLAW CHIEF!



YONDER IS THE
BEDOUIN CHIEF,
MOUNTED ON THE
SWIFTEST HORSE
IN ALL ARABIA.

BID HIM STAND
AND FIGHT IN
SINGLE COMBAT
WITH ALI.



WHO IS THIS ALI
MOUNTED ON A CAMEL?
MY HORSE IS USED TO
WAR AND HIS FEET
ARE NIMBLE.

ADVANCE, OUTLAW
CHIEF! AND MEET
YOUR DOOM!



IN A FIERCE CLASH OF STEEL AGAINST STEEL, ALI PROVES HIS
SUPERIOR SWORDSMANSHIP.

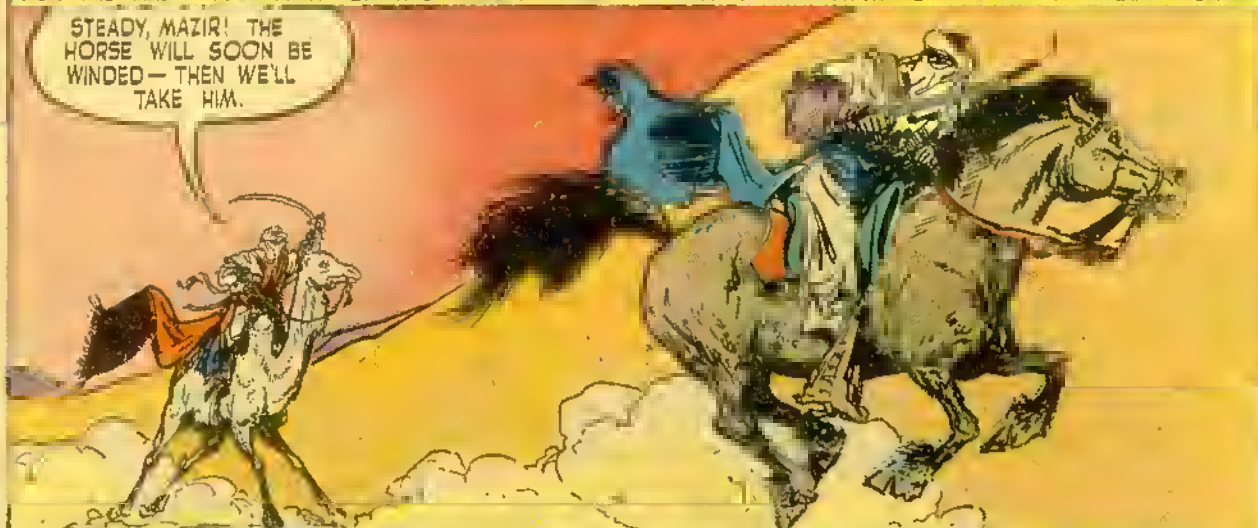


SEEING THAT ALI HAS THE BETTER OF
THE FIGHTING, THE OUTLAW TURNS HIS
HORSE AND FLEES.

THE COWARD FLEES!
AFTER HIM, MAZIR!

FOR THE FIRST THREE MILES OF THIS DESERT CHASE THE HEJIN IS NO MATCH FOR THE SWIFT ARABIAN HORSE-

STEADY, MAZIR! THE HORSE WILL SOON BE WINDED— THEN WE'LL TAKE HIM.



— BUT AFTER FOUR MILES THE HORSE BEGINS TO TIRE.

AH, THE HORSE IS WINDED, BUT MY MAZIR IS JUST BEGINNING TO RUN!



YIELD!

ALAS! MY HORSE CAN RUN NO MORE!



IN THE NAME OF HONOR, YIELD AND AGREE TO DISBAND YOUR THIEVING DESERT HORDES OR YOU SHALL DIE!

IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS GOOD, I YIELD, AND WILL NEVER AGAIN HARM THE DESERT TRAVELER.



AND, ACROSS THE DESERT, ALI'S CARAVANS AGAIN MOVE IN PEACE.

THERE IS PEACE UPON THE DESERT NOW.

YES, THANKS TO MAZIR, MY SWIFT HEJIN!



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CALLING ALL GIRLS...the teen-age girls' favorite. Stories, articles on careers, fashions, sewing, etiquette, food, grooming.

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For Boys

VARSITY...the **ONLY** magazine of its kind for fellows of high school and college age. Stories, sports, cartoons, doing problems, careers, grooming, money.

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For Both

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12 ISSUES — \$1.00 24 ISSUES — \$2.00

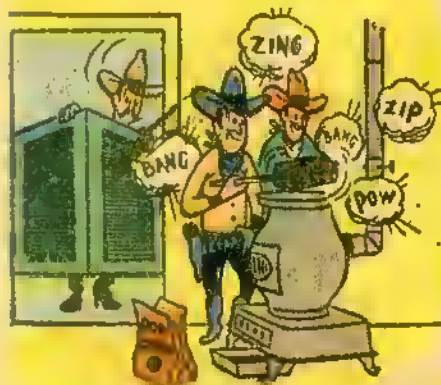
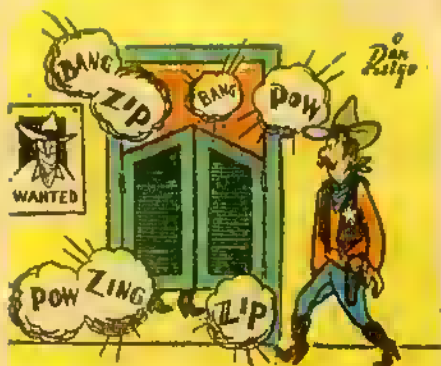
JACK ARMSTRONG...the adventures of the All-American Boy of Radio Fame. Stories of adventure, heroism, science, sports, humor.

1 YEAR — \$1.00 2 YEARS — \$2.00



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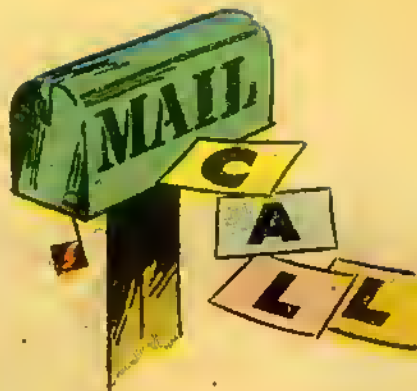
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Praise from a President

We have a comics club in this neighborhood in which we collect the best comics.

When we heard about the new Jack Armstrong Adventure Magazine, every member wanted it. I speak for all the members when I say that your magazine is a success. Please don't change it.

Carl Moore
 President, Comics Club
 Hudson, N. Y.

Thanks, Leon, We'll Try!

I have read your Jack Armstrong Magazine and like it very much. It is very much like the radio program and I suggest you keep it just the way it is now.

Leon Lederer
 San Gabriel, Calif.

Action! Mystery! Thrills!

I enjoyed reading the Jack Armstrong stories because of their action and mystery . . . I kept wondering what would happen next.

The Betty Fairfield story was full of action and thrills—so was "Split Seconds in Sports."

I like many kinds of books: those about the Bible, history, science, and geography.

Edna Hutt
 Salisbury, Md.

Just What We Like to Hear!

There are other programs . . . to which I listen, and other magazines that I like, but Jack Armstrong is my favorite. I like the sports and other features . . .

I have the first Jack Armstrong Magazine and . . . am looking forward to the next. I have no ideas to offer except to keep it jammed full of action the way it is now.

Adney Johnson
 Palmer, Mass.

SOUTH OF SEA HORSE

(Continued from page 34)

ordered. "Fix something for us while you're drying yourself."

Somehow the little Hercules had miraculously righted itself. When they had eaten, Tom kept the men on the ship. "The ice pack's too loose now. That south wind is breaking it up!"

The wind began to fall toward morning. It was warmer and it swung to the southwest. And then at dawn, after sixteen hours of darkness, Joel stared, speechless, as if some miracle had taken place. Open water was only a few yards from the ship!

The seas were sweeping the loose ice eastward, eating into the loosened pack, melting it. The Hercules could feel the swells as she rode in the mush ice.

By noon they had topsails and courses and jibs set and drawing on the starboard tack. The four of them rolled ship by running methodically from one side of the vessel to the other, carrying whatever they could find to make themselves heavier.

Slowly, working through the ice mush, the Hercules inched ahead until she finally broke through to the open sea.

A big harpooner raised his arms over his head in a joyous shout. "First ship ever to clear the Sea Horse ice pack!"

"This ship belongs to the four of us now," shouted Tom. "We salvaged it!"

"Frisco next stop!" sang out Joel from the wheel.

Tom came back to him, grinning. "Yes, thanks to you, Joel."

Joel laughed. "Don't give me blubber. I didn't even know what you were doing."

"You can ask the harpooners," Tom said seriously. "When we came back to the ship we were planning to get supplies and make for Sea Horse Island. Then we found you. That's what decided me. You had marrow enough to wait for us. I figured I had to show the same kind of marrow. And that's exactly why I took what I thought was an impossible chance on the Grampus."

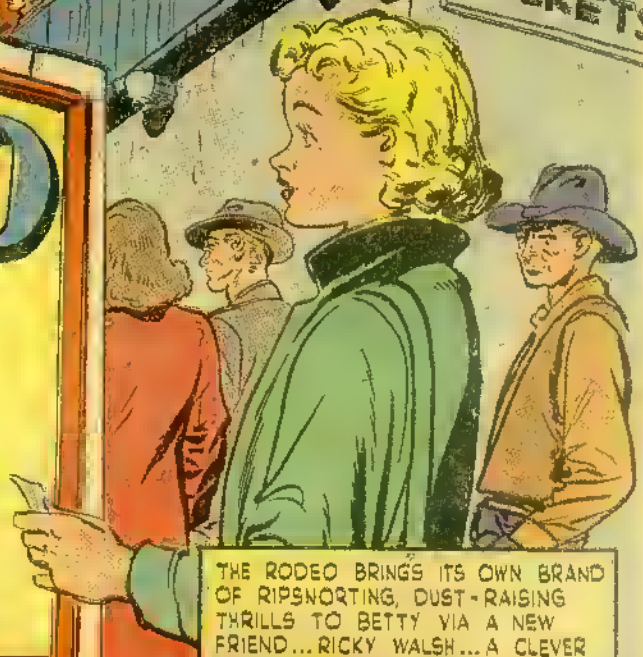
Joel looked out beyond the jib. It seemed misty out there. But somehow it cleared up when he rubbed his eyes.

A NEW BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE

DANGER

on the Hoof

RODEO



TICKETS

THE RODEO BRINGS ITS OWN BRAND OF RIPSNOTTING, DUST-RAISING THRILLS TO BETTY VIA A NEW FRIEND...RICKY WALSH...A CLEVER LITTLE LASS WITH A LASSO!

BETTY WATCHES —AND LISTENS—FROM A FRONT-ROW BOX...

SAY, CURLY, I JUST PULLED A HUMDINGER OF A TRICK ON THAT NEW GAL... SHE'LL BE ONE SURPRISED MUCHACHA!

YOU MEAN RICKY WALSH, THE NEW COWGIRL?



GO EASY ON THE ROUGHHOUSE, WALT... THAT GAL LOOKS FRAGILE!

WE'LL SHE'S GOT TO BE INITIATED. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I DID... UH-OH! HERE SHE COMES... LET'S FADE!

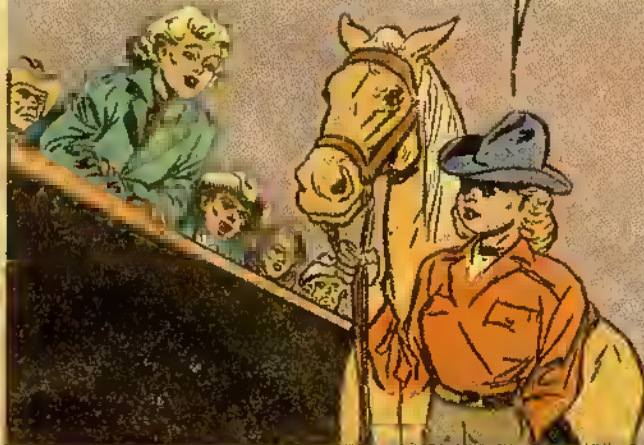


INITIATION, ROUGHHOUSE—
WHAT SORT OF TRICK WILL
THAT HORRID COWBOY PLAY
ON A POOR DEFENSELESS
GIRL? IF I COULD
ONLY...



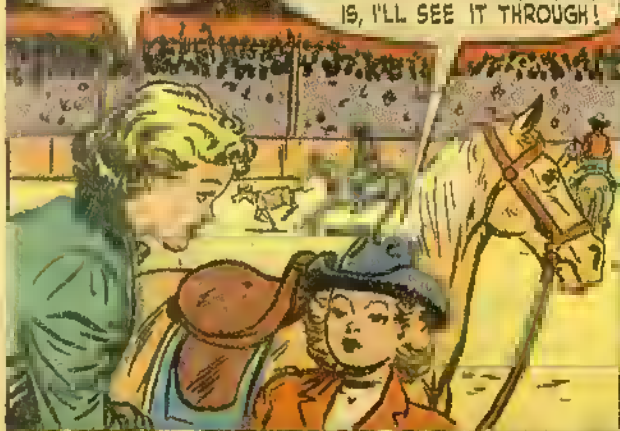
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE...
ARE YOU MISS
RICKY WALSH?

THAT'S MY
BRAND, MISS.



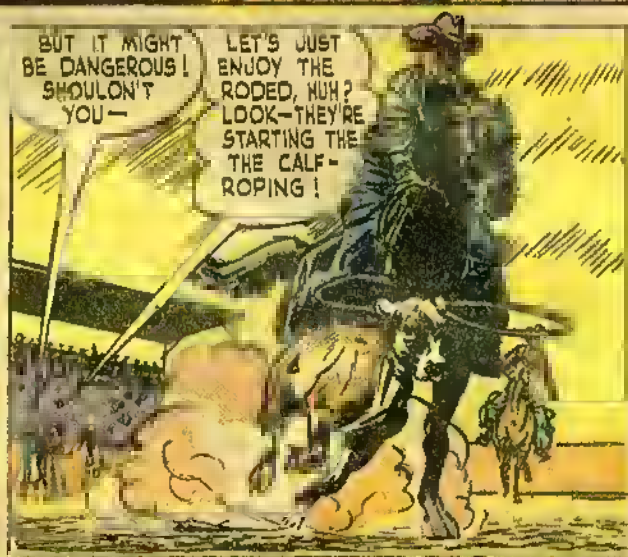
I MUST WARN YOU...
THEY'RE GOING TO
PLAY A PRACTICAL
JOKE ON YOU.

IT'S ABOUT TIME! THAT'S HOW
YOU KNOW YOU'RE ONE OF
THE GANG AROUND HERE!
WHATEVER THE HOCUS-POCUS
IS, I'LL SEE IT THROUGH!



BUT IT MIGHT
BE DANGEROUS!
SHOULDN'T
YOU—

LET'S JUST
ENJOY THE
RODED, HUH?
LOOK—THEY'RE
STARTING THE
THE CALF-
ROPING!

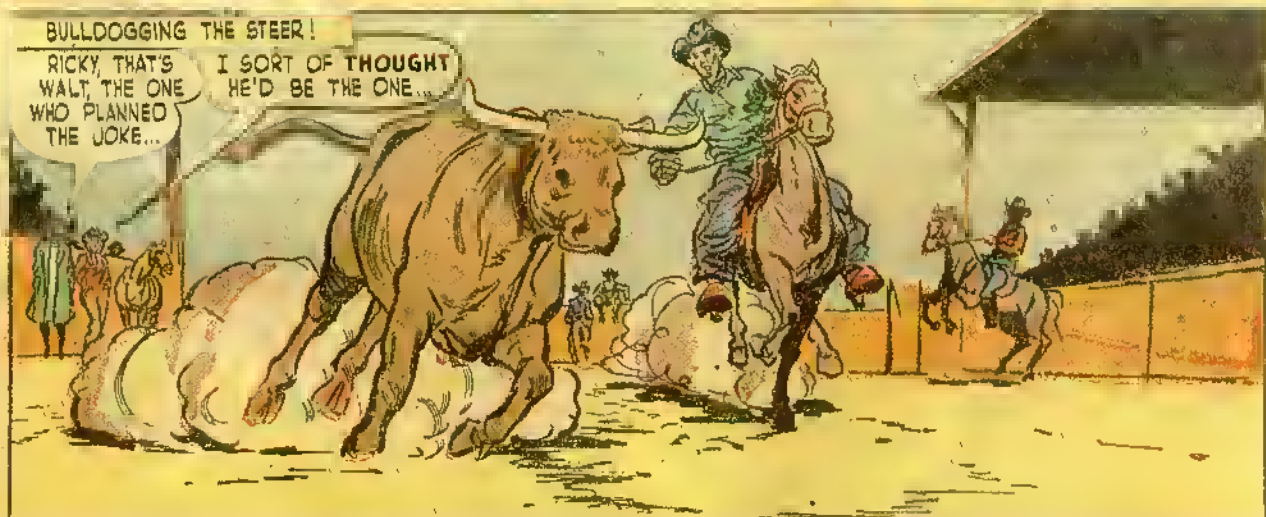
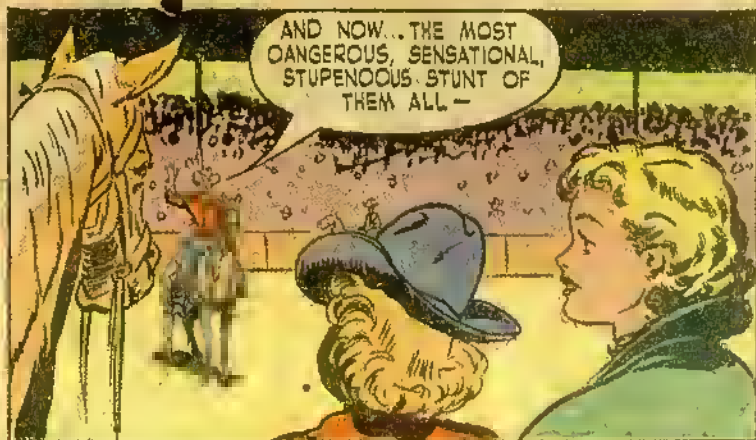
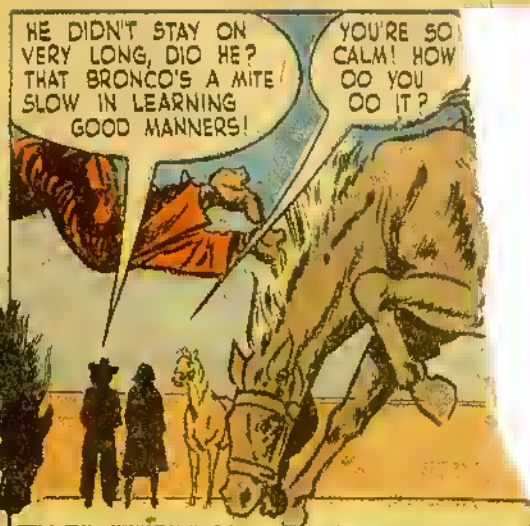
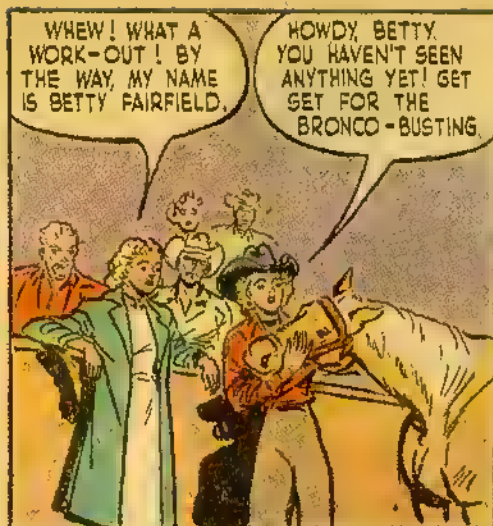


"FIRST THE ROPER HAS TO CATCH
UP WITH THE CRITTER..."

"THEN HE TOSSES HIS
LARIAT, AND IF HE KNOWS
HIS BUSINESS..."

"THAT CALF IS HIS—JUST
AS IF IT WAS BRANDING
DAY BACK HOME ON
THE RANGE!"





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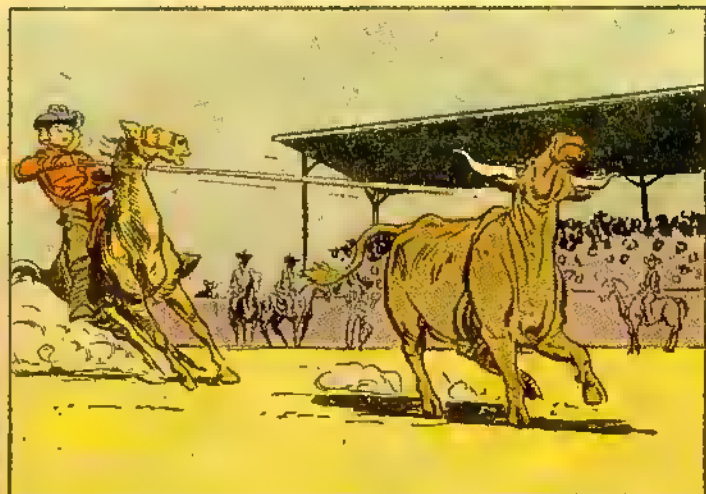
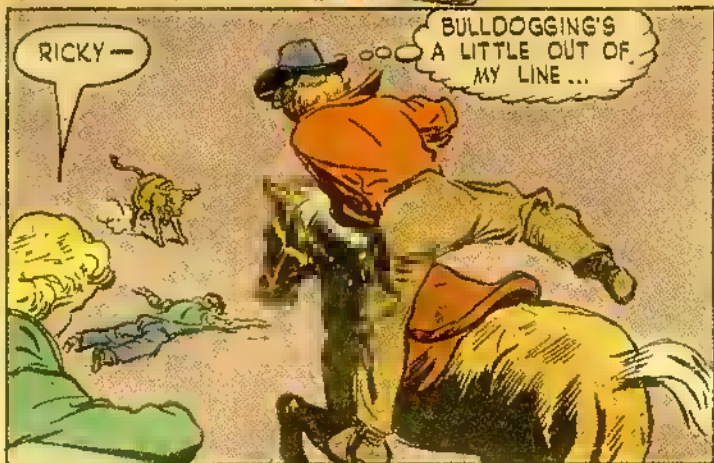
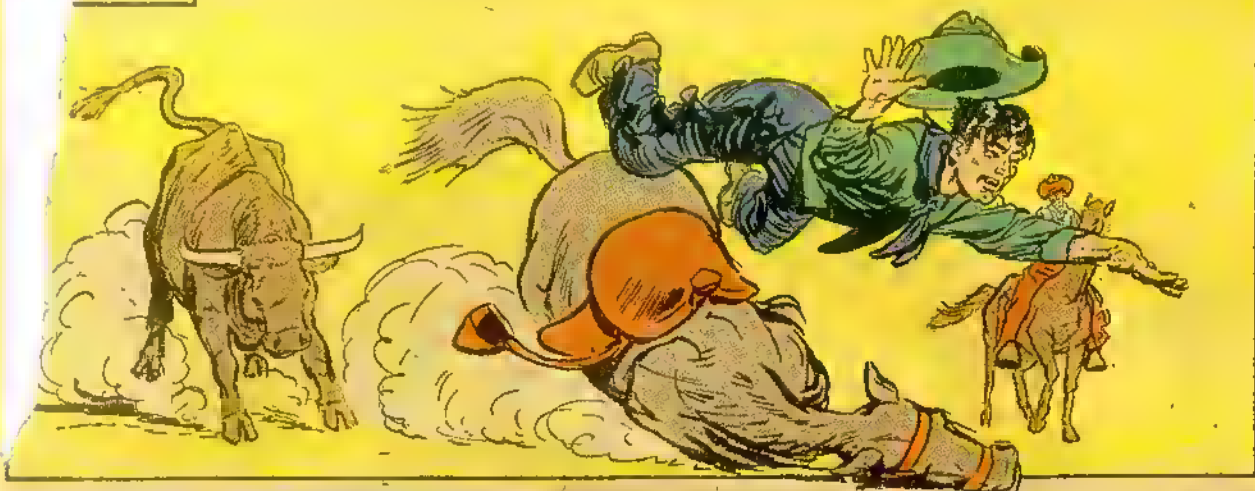
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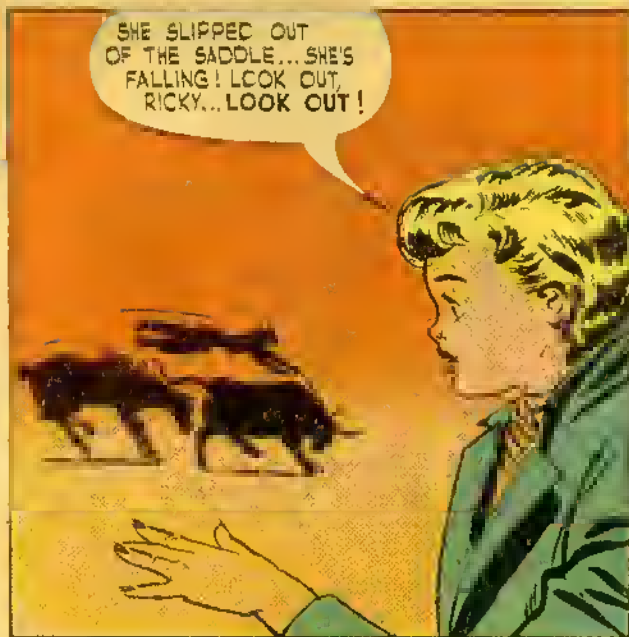


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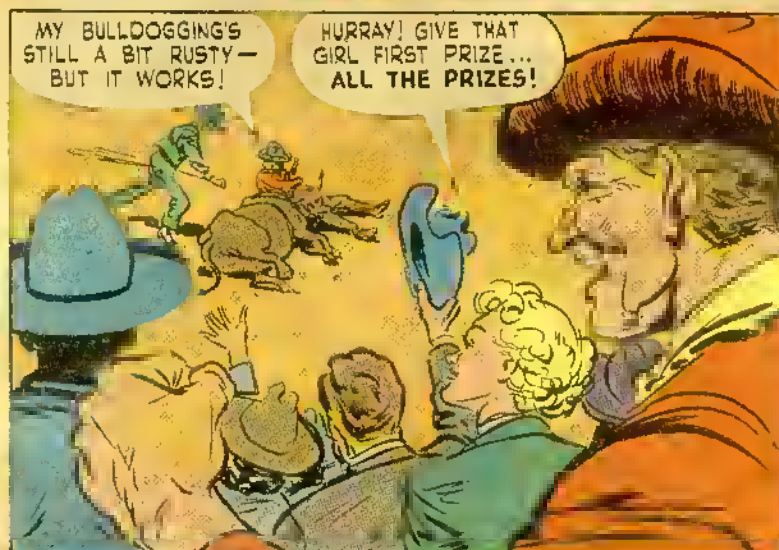
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SHE SLIPPED OUT
OF THE SADDLE... SHE'S
FALLING! LOOK OUT,
RICKY... LOOK OUT!



WELL... I CAME
DOWN IN THE
RIGHT PLACE,
ANYWAY!



MY BULLDOGGING'S
STILL A BIT RUSTY—
BUT IT WORKS!

HURRAY! GIVE THAT
GIRL FIRST PRIZE...
ALL THE PRIZES!

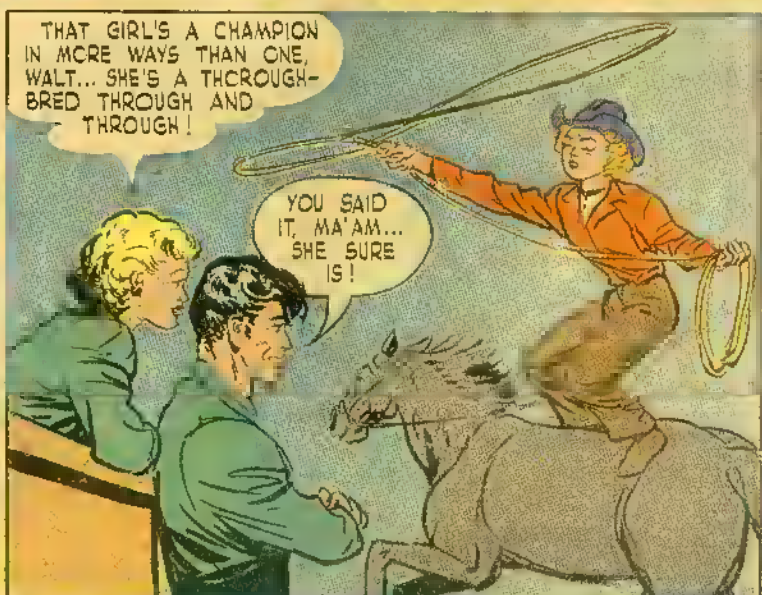


SAVED!



GOSH,
RICKY!
THANKS!

DON'T THANK ME,
PARD. IF IT WEREN'T
FOR THAT SLIPPERY
SOAP SOMEBODY
GREASED MY SADDLE
WITH, I WOULDN'T
HAVE SAILED OFF
THAT STEER!

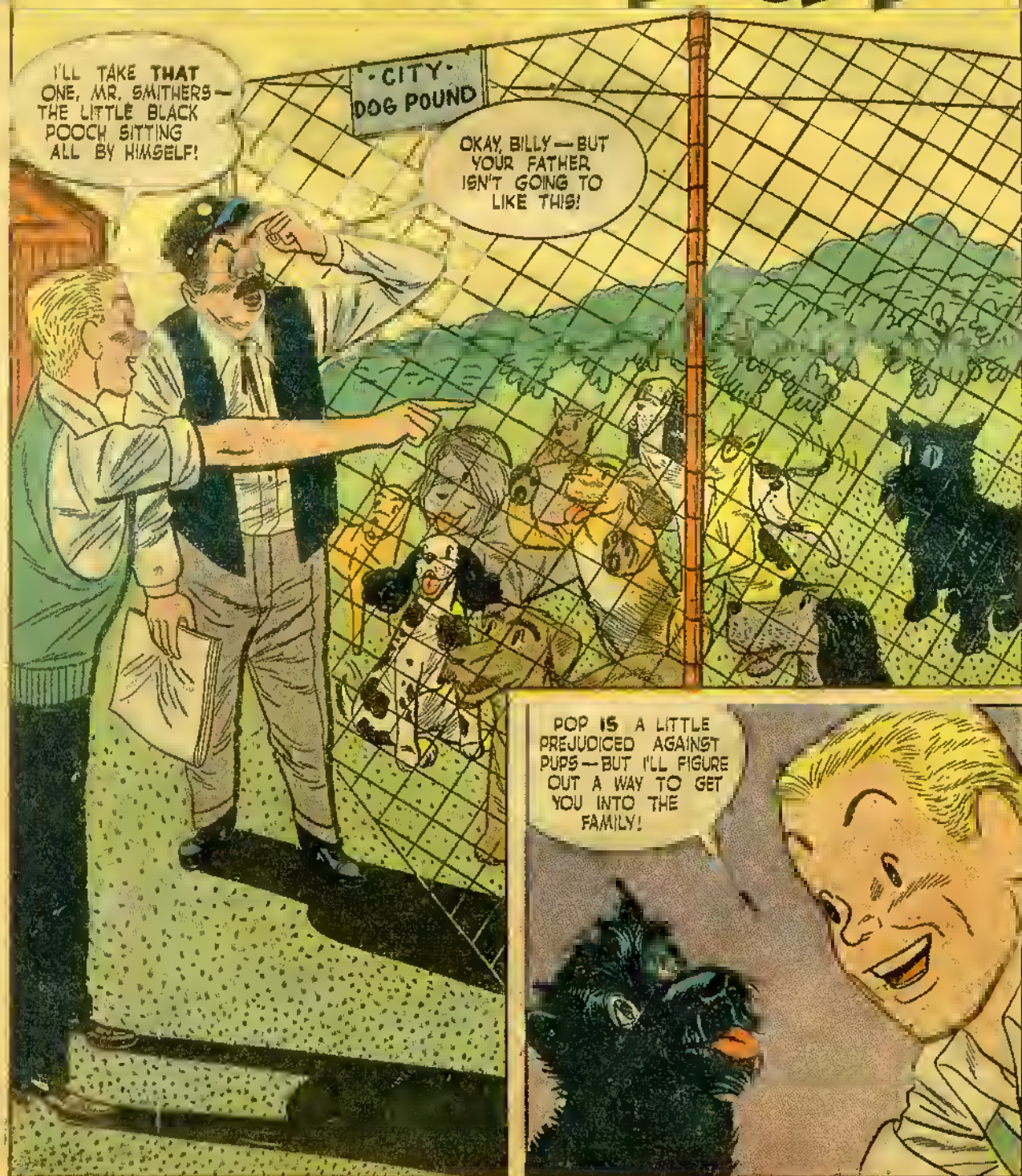


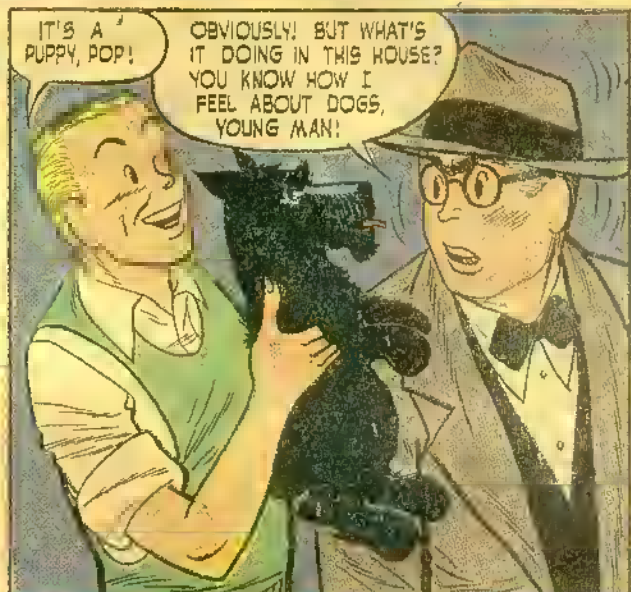
THAT GIRL'S A CHAMPION
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE,
WALT... SHE'S A THOROUGH-
BRED THROUGH AND
THROUGH!

YOU SAID
IT, MA'AM...
SHE SURE
IS!

BILLY FAIRFIELD'S CARTOONS OF HIS COMICAL MISADVENTURES

POP vs. PUP





YEOW!

GRRR!

DID YOU HEAR
THAT YELL,
BILLY?

Y-YES! I TH-THINK
BLACKIE CAUGHT
A B-BURGLAR!

I'M NO BURGLAR—I'M ME!
AND I'LL THANK YOU TO
REMOVE THIS CONFOUNDED
FLEA-BAG FROM THIS HOUSE
—FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

GRRR!

NEXT MORNING.

ON YOUR WAY TO
THE DOG POUND, TAKE
THIS SUIT TO THE TAILOR.
I'M MAKING A SPEECH
AT THE BIG RALLY
TONIGHT.

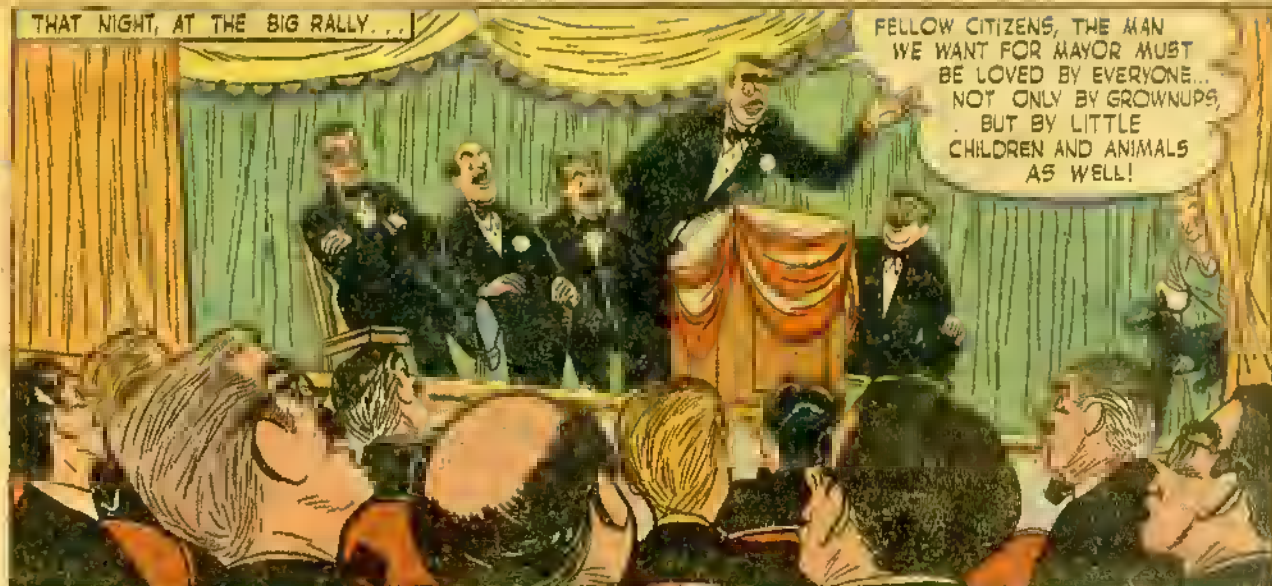
YES, SIR.

SPEAKING OF POUNDS,
BILLY, I WISH YOU'D BRING
BACK A POUND OF
SAUSAGE FROM THE
BUTCHER'S.

SAUSAGE?

SUIT... SAUSAGE...
SPEECH! BLACKIE, I'VE
GOT IT!

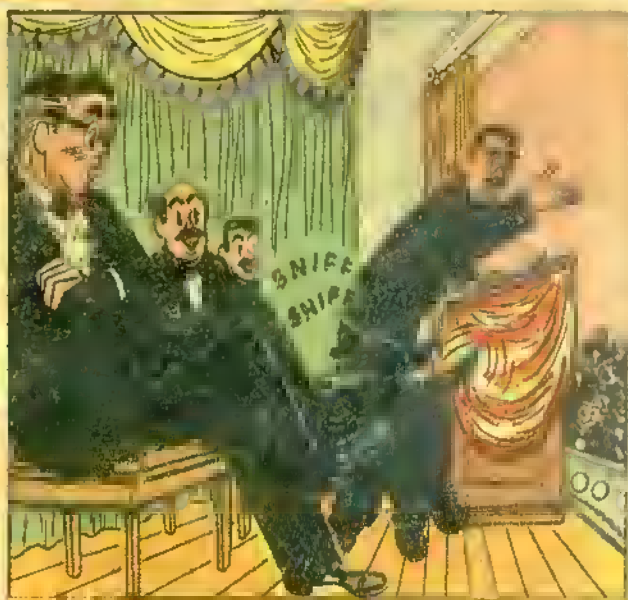
THAT NIGHT, AT THE BIG RALLY...



FELLOW CITIZENS, THE MAN
WE WANT FOR MAYOR MUST
BE LOVED BY EVERYONE...
NOT ONLY BY GROWNUPS,
BUT BY LITTLE
CHILDREN AND ANIMALS
AS WELL!



ANIMALS! THAT'S YOUR
CUE, BLACKIE!

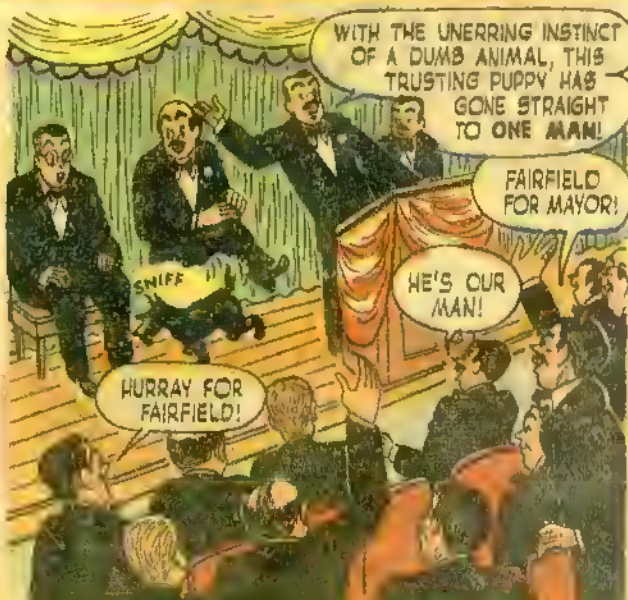


SNIFF
SNIFF



AND THERE, MY FRIENDS IS
CONVINCING PROOF THAT FAIRFIELD
IS THE MAN
WE WANT
FOR MAYOR!

SNIFF



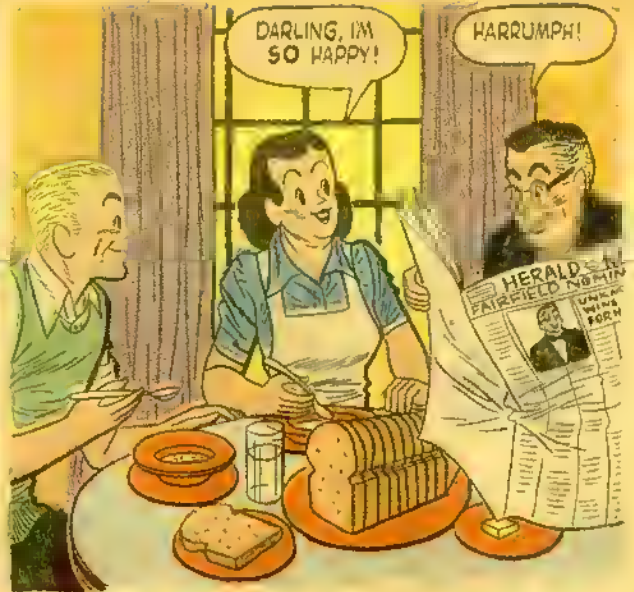
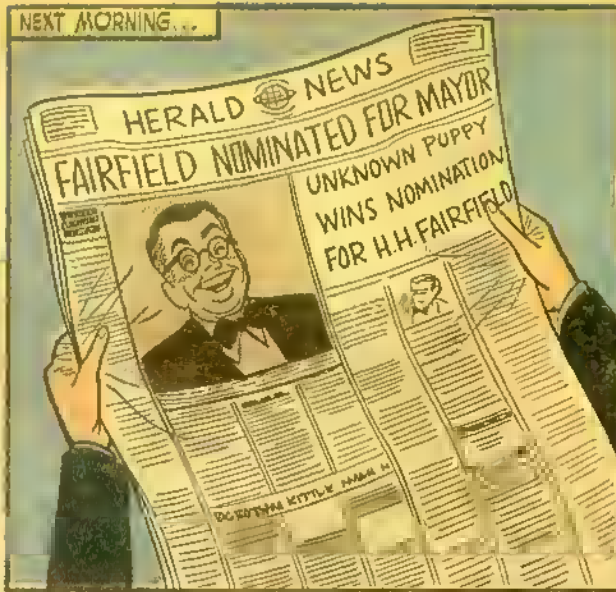
WITH THE UNERRING INSTINCT
OF A DUMB ANIMAL, THIS
TRUSTING PUPPY HAS
GONE STRAIGHT
TO ONE MAN!

FAIRFIELD
FOR MAYOR!

HE'S OUR
MAN!

HURRAY FOR
FAIRFIELD!

NEXT MORNING...





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by Reed Fulton

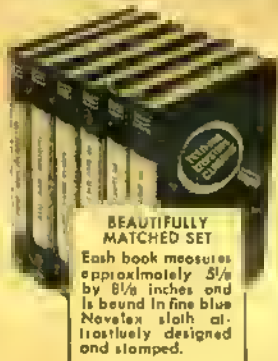
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